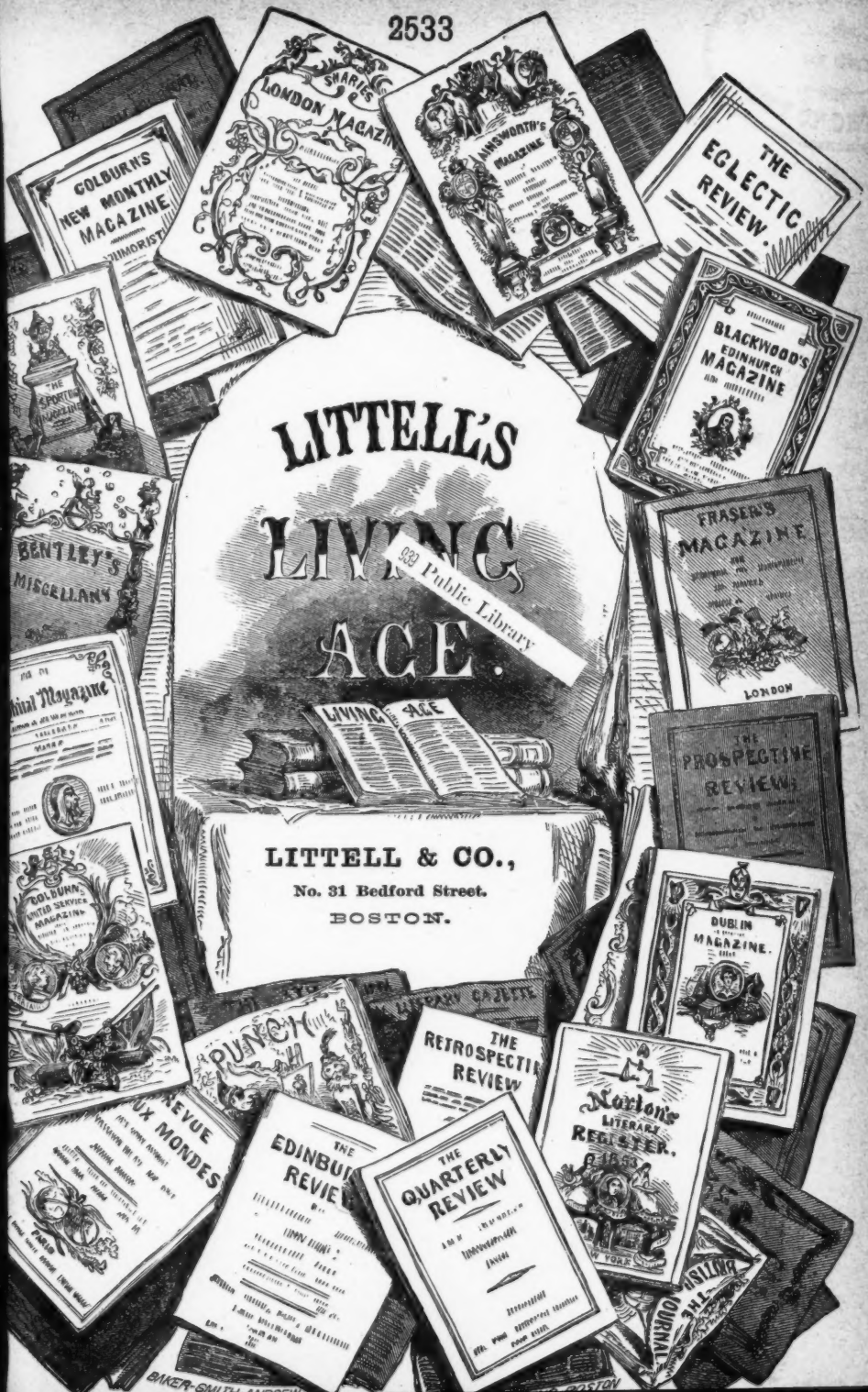


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Fifth Series,
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TO A WEE LADDIE.

I CALL you many a name, my king !
 No font-name is enough for me :
 All prettiness of call I bring
 From fairy-tale and history ;
 But mostly after two whereon
 A light from Shakespeare's spirit fell,
 I love to call you, little one ;
 Even after Puck and Ariel.

And hereby, stranger, may you guess
 A little of this laddie's kind,
 His pretty ways and mischievousness,
 In Ariel and Puck combined ;
 His nimble, supple movements — oh,
 Full oftentimes I cannot tell
 If here be Robin Goodfellow,
 Or here be delicate Ariel !

I think I should not wonder much,
 My little tricky Puck, some day
 To see the dairy at your touch
 Play some queer prank and melt away.
 I know when bowls of cream are set
 Their calm is very oft assailed ;
 And sometimes, Puck, you quite forget
 That butter fails if cream has failed.

Full often, Ariel mine, you work
 Most bravely for an hour or so,
 And 'neath your gravity scarce will lurk
 A touch of Robin Goodfellow ;
 But then you claim, as Ariel claimed,
 That shortly I should set you free,
 And boldly ask, and unashamed,
 For time of gladsome liberty,

And, gently be your spriting done,
 You seldom let one quite forget
 You want the time of spriting gone, —
 Away from task and lesson set !
 Away, away, to joyous play,
 Such play as Ariel could not know ;
 You sport with human younglings gay,
 More blest than Robin Goodfellow.

I know you often plague your maid,
 My bonnie Robin Goodfellow !
 And yet I know the girl, unpaid,
 Would gladly follow you to and fro :
 For you have that within you, dear,
 Which somehow seems to cheer and bless ;
 The ether is always blue and clear
 Beyond fleece-clouds of naughtiness.

O laddie, how your voice goes up
 In melody at church, as though
 Your soul were just an incense-cup
 Wherefrom sweet clouds of worship go !

One scarce would think that, in the pause
 Antiphonal, it could be true
 You fain would eat that apple, was
 Under the rose bestowed on you.

But there be times, oh, rarely sweet !
 Times when my whole soul knoweth well,
 Beside me walk an angel's feet,
 Not feet of Puck nor Ariel :
 A human angel, with the eyes
 That sure have met the eyes of God,
 In walking through some Paradise
 Where feet of mine have never trod.

I have no name to call you by,
 My darling, at such times as this ;
 I only watch you reverently,
 And in the silence bend to kiss
 That sweetest face and loveliest
 Has e'er been looked upon by me,
 Who entertain this angel guest,
 Not unawares, but wittingly.
 Longman's Magazine. E. H. HICKEY.

TRIO.

THE nightingale sang softly in the wood,
 As though a thousand flowers had just
 found speech, —
 A strange, sweet tongue that only is under-
 stood
 In faëry lands no earthly road may reach.
 "How shall the glory fall
 Of my immortal tale,
 Or any silence o'er my song prevail ?"

The evening star upon the edge of night
 Hung like a dewdrop on a dark leaf's
 rim,
 Throbbled like a heart o'erbrimmed with
 pure delight,
 Gathering new splendor while the skies
 grew dim.
 "How shall my beauty fade,
 Who in the May-night's shade
 Henceforth am an eternal brightness
 made ?"

But the sea sighed through all its depths of
 grey,
 The sea complained on every lonely shore ;
 "Too well I know your fate, ye joys of May,
 Heard and beheld a thousand times be-
 fore !
 Your passionate faith is vain !
 I only, I remain,
 When light and song are fled forever-
 more !"

Spectator.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

From The London Quarterly Review.
NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.¹

"AT the present day, when Italy's political redemption has begun, and the nation is constituted according to the prophecies of Machiavelli, the moment has come for doing justice to him." In these words Professor Villari concludes his study of the "Life and Times of Machiavelli," an elaborate work, of which a translation in two volumes, uniform with the "Life of Savonarola," has recently been issued. There is some danger that the modern reaction against the long-standing prejudice which made of Machiavelli, as his biographer says, "the least understood and the most calumniated personality that the world has ever known," may be carried farther than the facts of the case will altogether justify.

It is not to be wondered at that those who have witnessed with their own eyes that marvellous re-awakening of a whole people, which resulted in the making of Italy, should look back with gratitude to the one man who, in a time when the miserable land seemed given for a perpetual prey to home-bred tyrants and foreign invaders, still cherished and still proclaimed the vision of freedom and unity, which it took three hundred years and more to fulfil.

"From days laid waste, across disastrous years,
From hopes cut down, across a world of fears"

He "gazed with eyes too passionate for tears,

Where faith abode, though hope" was
"put to flight."

This vision of an Italy free and united, which seemed to his contemporaries the idle fancy of an unpractical dreamer, is his title of honor and remembrance to-day. There is a tendency, not among his own countrymen alone, but among many others who have sympathized with the great cause of Italian independence, to slur over the defects of his theories and the stains of his life,

and to cover his shortcomings with the mantle of his patriotism.

To this temptation Professor Villari, at any rate, has not yielded. He shows us the man as he was, neither hero nor monster; no better, in many respects, than the common run of men in his time and country, but raised above them, not merely by a remarkable literary gift and a political insight yet more extraordinary, but by his wide, far-seeing, and enlightened patriotism, and by a zeal for the public good the ardor of which age could not tame nor disappointment destroy.

His entry into public life was nearly contemporaneous with the martyrdom of Savonarola. No two men could represent more vividly than these two the contrast between the new order of things and that which was passing away, between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. For the tone of Savonarola's mind, the current of his thought, the mental and moral type that he represented, was essentially mediæval. He would have been at home with Dante, and one can easily imagine him joining in the high colloquies which beguiled, for the austere poet and his guide, the steep ascent of the rocky stairways of Purgatory. The same spirit as that which burns in Dante's passionate invective against the bad popes, the bad citizens, the luxury and cowardice of his own times, breaks forth in Savonarola's denunciations of Alexander VI. and the Medicean rulers of Florence. Savonarola, like Dante, always subordinated in his thoughts the present to the future, the visible to the invisible, and conceived of this earth as merely an ante-chamber to heaven.

We need not pause to point out at any length the obvious defects in the conception of man's life and man's duty, as formulated by the mediæval, religious mind, of which Dante's is the noblest type. A system that cramped the God-given intelligence, and undervalued the holy, natural affections of those who submitted to its sway, carried the seeds of dissolution within itself. Inevitable lassitude succeeded to the constant strain

¹ Life and Times of Niccolo Machiavelli. By Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Mme. Linda Villari. London: Fisher Unwin. 1892.

to wind oneself too high
For sinful man beneath the sky,
and the average man contented himself
by doing homage to an ideal of sanctity
that he never expected or attempted to
reach, while meanwhile living

in quite the common way,
With everybody's morals.

There is nothing more curious in mediæval literature than the reverence felt for the ascetic ideal, combined with a complete practical indifference to its requirements.

The period that divided Dante from Savonarola was one of test and trial for time-honored systems and long-accepted ideals of conduct and character. The revival of Greek culture, the discovery of the New World, the rapid diffusion of literature through the invention of printing, the introduction of the modern scientific methods of experiment and induction—all these causes working together produced that new birth of the intellect, that emancipation of the human reason, which gave us the work of Erasmus and Luther, of Shakespeare and Bacon, and of which the influence is still felt in every province of thought. With the new-born spirit of inquiry rose its satellite and shadow, which Goethe, himself the child of the Gothic Renaissance, has stamped on the imagination of the world, under the name of Mephistopheles, the enemy of reverence, faith, and enthusiasm, "*der Geist der stets verneint*."

It is difficult to realize in these days the enthusiasm, the devotion almost, which the study of the classics awakened towards the end of the fifteenth century. Men whose belief in revealed religion had been gradually sapped by the intimate knowledge brought home to them in actual life, day after day, of the vice and hypocrisy of its authorized exponents, fancied that they could find a higher as well as a more rational guide to life in the actions of Roman patriots and the teachings of Greek philosophy. We read of Niccolo Niccoli, the reformer of the Florentine University, that he would often stop rich young men unknown to him, in

the street, and urge them, with true missionary fervor, to devote themselves to *virtue*—i.e., to Greek and Latin learning.

Others again drew from the study of the classics excuse for a careless life of Epicurean ease, untrammelled and untroubled by thoughts of the unseen world. But it was in vain that they strove to acquire the temper of serene content with the present and the outward, that was only possible in the childhood of the race. The Christian conscience still asserted itself, the faith ingrained during fourteen hundred years was not to be so lightly forgotten. Even in the realm of art the traces of that conflict are apparent; deepening the subtle mystery of the smile in Lionardo's *Gioconda*, and touching with a strange and plaintive sadness the nymphs of Botticelli. Though the frantic excesses which disgraced the age must be attributed chiefly to those whom pride of place and power set apart from their fellows, yet through all ranks of society there was that loosening of the bonds of authority, that bewilderment of moral judgment and relaxation of moral force, which seem inseparable from periods of violent transition. The limits of the known world had receded to an illimitable distance, and it took men long to adjust the focus of their vision to a prospect so suddenly enlarged. It was hardly to be expected that they should see things at once in their true proportions and relations. The world of the Middle Ages had been thrown into Medea's cauldron to be made young again; and no politician of the age, not even Machiavelli himself, could have divined that such a result as modern Europe would emerge from that bubbling chaos of strangely mixed elements, that confusion of faiths, theories, ideals, knowledge, old and new.

The ferment of the new order of things was at its fiercest in Florence when Savonarola was at the head of affairs. It is a mistake, as Professor Villari points out, to suppose that the religious side of his teaching counted for much with the more influential of

his partisans. The Church in Italy had almost completely lost its hold on thinking men, and even Savonarola could not redeem the religion he professed from the disgrace that the corrupt ambition of the Roman clergy had brought upon it. By some he was supported from purely political motives, as an enemy to the Medici; by others, as a patriot who used his influence with the vulgar multitude for patriotic purposes.

In point of fact, they had only been stirred to a love of liberty, and had listened with enthusiasm to the religious teachings of the friar, as long as these continued to give strength to the popular government. But as soon as they beheld in him a source of danger to the republic, they had little hesitation in giving him up to the pope. And certainly no sooner had the unhappy friar ceased to breathe than the dangers which had from all sides recently threatened the government he had founded seemed suddenly to melt away.

The most pressing of the dangers here referred to arose from the proceedings of Cæsar Borgia, whom Pope Alexander VI. had just created Duke of Valentino and Romagna. He had already absorbed, with or without pretext, several of the small states of central Italy into his duchy, and had begun to cast longing eyes on the Florentine territory. France was, however, at that time the ally of Florence. Louis XII. protested against the meditated encroachment, and Pope Alexander, appeased by the sacrifice of Savonarola, used his influence in the same direction. The republic was consequently free to attend to its internal affairs, the most pressing of which was to reduce to subjection the neighboring city of Pisa, which, after long chafing under the Florentine yoke, had at last rebelled against it.

In this interval of comparative security Niccolo Machiavelli entered upon public life. He was born in 1469. Several members of his family had attained distinction in the service of the republic, and his father seems to have been a man of some position. Without being a scholar according to the standard of the time, he was well acquainted with the principal Latin authors, and shared

the prevailing enthusiasm for the heroes of Roman history — an enthusiasm which reminds us of the worship of Timoleon and Brutus at the time of the first French Revolution, when Madame Roland, in her girlhood, used to slice the vegetables for the family salad with a volume of Plutarch open before her, and ardent young men in lawyers' offices or country shops fed their imagination on fancy pictures of republican heroism. He gained from these studies that conception of public virtue, of duty to the State, of patriotic self-sacrifice and devotion, which dignified his life-work, and, in spite of much that is justly condemned by the conscience of a more enlightened age, has given him a title to the remembrance of posterity.

He was not quite thirty years of age when, in 1498, he received an appointment as secretary to the ten officials chosen to direct the foreign policy of the republic. He was already known as a writer of talent, and as one who, though not endowed with the gift of eloquence or the power of swaying large assemblies, was unusually convincing and persuasive in private intercourse. About the middle height, with keen, dark eyes and close, ironical mouth, his countenance indicated the powers of observation, reflection, and mordant satire which he possessed, and which we are accustomed to associate with his name; but we look in vain for the stamp of that ardent idealism which was a real, though a far less obvious element of his character.

He was soon to be called upon to manifest his talent for affairs. In 1499, Louis XII. asserted by force of arms his hereditary claim, through his ancestress, Valentina Visconti, to the duchy of Milan. He secured the friendship of the Venetians by promising them a share of the conquered territory, while binding the pope to his side by promising to refrain from opposition to the schemes of the Duke of Valentino. To his old allies, the Florentines, he promised a contingent of mercenary troops to assist them in the war with Pisa.

The soldiers of the French king

proved, however, as fatal as the proverbial gifts of the Greeks. They made exorbitant demands for provisions and rations, and when their orders were not complied with deserted by hundreds at a time, and spread themselves over the country, burning and pillaging without any observance of the trifling and invidious distinction of friend or foe. Machiavelli's colleague wrote from the camp before Pisa "that the Swiss mercenaries had forced their way into his room, clamoring for money, and threatening to pay themselves with his blood.

The French [he says] appear frightened, they make excuses and calm themselves with cold water; the Commander Beaumont himself has lost his head, but always insists upon having his pay. I have refrained hitherto from worrying your Excellencies in vain; but now it is absolutely necessary to decide what is to be done with these people, and take measures accordingly. It might also be well to think whether it is desired that my life should be saved. . . . Let not your Excellencies think that cowardice moves me in this, since by no means would I flee from any peril that should be deemed indispensable by my city.

The following day Machiavelli reported that his fellow-secretary had been seized and very nearly murdered by the Swiss troops, and only escaped by pledging to them his own personal security for the payment of six thousand ducats. Thereupon the auxiliary troops departed, and left the representatives of Florence to deal with the revolted Pisans as they best could.

This incident occurring so early in Machiavelli's career gives us the key to his hatred and contempt for mercenary soldiers. From this time forward he set himself, with all the energy of his strong will and powerful mind, against the practice, then universal, of employing these troops. His theory was that each State should depend for defence on the trained valor of its own citizens; and the military system of which he dreamed resembled in its main features that which was realized under more favorable circumstances by Frederick William of Prussia and his son, the

great Frederic. We shall see hereafter the success that he met with, when circumstances allowed him to make some attempt at carrying out his ideas. Captain Beaumont, commander of the foreign auxiliaries, had written to Louis XII., laying the blame of the scenes in the camp before Pisa on the Florentine government, and Machiavelli was despatched in consequence with Francesco della Casa, to give the French king his version of the affair. This was the first important diplomatic mission that he had yet undertaken, and there is nothing in the account that his biographer gives of his remuneration and treatment to excite the envy of any member of the modern diplomatic service.

Written instructions were supplied charging them to convince the monarch that all the disorders at the camp had been solely caused by the fault of his own troops, and try to persuade him to reduce his unjust and exorbitant claims for money. Their first efforts were to be made on the Cardinal de Rohan, and they were carefully to avoid all injurious mention of his *protégé*, the Captain Beaumont. . . . They were at liberty to speak ill of the Italians at the camp; but only by a slip of the tongue, as it were, could they be permitted to accuse the real criminals. Therefore, to avoid arousing the insolence of the French, it was necessary to steer cautiously between Scylla and Charybdis. And to these difficulties was added that of the very modest social position of the two envoys, who were neither wealthy nor well paid. To Francesco della Casa a stipend of eight lire per day was assigned, and Machiavelli, having a post of inferior rank, only succeeded in obtaining an equal sum, after much difficulty and many complaints of incurring enormous expenses, no lighter than those of his colleague. Even then he had to disburse a good deal more than he received. His forty ducats very speedily vanished, and he had to commission his brother to obtain seventy more for him on loan. Being compelled to follow the monarch from city to city, it was requisite to provide himself with servants and horses; and although on starting the envoys had eighty florins each, they soon got through one hundred ducats, since it proved impossible to find decent board and lodging for less than a

crown and a half a day, a larger sum than that which they received. Therefore both grumbled sorely, especially Machiavelli, who was not rich, and yet had no talent for economy.

The envoys had not only to put the affair about the Swiss troops in its proper light, but to try to obtain some assurance of protection from the French king against the Duke of Valentinois, who from his new duchy of Romagna was still menacing Florence. Having obtained the desired promise, Machiavelli returned home, with his reputation, if not his income, decidedly increased by his mission. Soon after news came to Florence that Valentinois had formed an alliance with the Pisans; and Machiavelli was sent with Bishop Soderini, afterwards cardinal, a member of one of the leading families in Florence, to make terms if possible with their formidable assailant.

This first meeting with the man who had filled all Italy with the terror of his name, and who, mere landless adventurer that he was originally, had carved out an independent principality for himself in the heart of the peninsula, formed an epoch in the life of Machiavelli. It was from his observation of Cæsar Borgia that he gained the first idea of that incarnation of remorseless statecraft, vigilant, ruthless, unscrupulous, fixed as Fate in iron resolution, which he depicts in the "Principe" as the only instrument known to him for welding an incoherent congeries of States, such as Italy then consisted of, into a powerful nationality. At the same time we need not conclude that he overrated the political ability of the Borgia. A man of his penetration would not be long in discovering, what after events conclusively proved, that favoring circumstances, and especially his relationship to the reigning pope, had at least as much to do with the success of his ambitious schemes as any genius of his own for government or war.

The death of Alexander the Sixth in 1503 introduced a new order of things. His crimes had horrified even that bad age, and men whispered to one another

that those who watched him during his last illness had seen the fiends about his dying bed, expectant of their destined prey. The new pope, Julius II., was by no means a pattern ecclesiastic according to the notions of our times; but at least he had some object in life beyond indulging in scandalous pleasures and carving fortunes for his relatives out of other men's property. He was not in the habit of poisoning cardinals in order to obtain possession of their wealth, and that was something in the days of the Borgias. The Duke of Valentinois, so lately the terror of Italy, had fallen from his high estate, and was reduced to beg, with abject apologies, for the protection of those whom he had injured. "Whether he be alive or dead," writes Machiavelli, in reference to a report that the new pope had caused him to be thrown into the Tiber, "we need trouble ourselves no more about him. One sees that his sins are gradually bringing him to punishment. God grant that all may go well!"

Machiavelli was at this time in charge of the Florentine interests at the court of Julius II. In the previous year a change had taken place in the government of Florence, which proved of great importance to his fortunes. It was felt advisable that the gonfaloniere or chief officer of the republic should be elected for life. The choice fell on Pietro Soderini, brother of the cardinal. He was a personal friend of Machiavelli, whose great abilities he recognized, and whom he entrusted with the conduct of several important negotiations.

On returning from his mission to the papal court, Machiavelli devoted himself and his new political influence to the realization of his darling project, the formation of a Florentine militia. The difficulties in the way of any such scheme would have seemed insuperable to a man of less energy and determination than his. One of the most serious of these arose from the nature of the Florentine State. Although possessing a considerable extent of territory, with subject villages and towns, it was still a commune or municipality, with a purely municipal organization. If the

militiamen were to be chosen only from the free citizens of Florence, it would be hard to make up the requisite number, while, on the other hand, there was great risk in entrusting the subject population with the charge of defending its masters. Another difficulty was the appointment of a commander over these troops. It may seem strange that Machiavelli, with his abhorrence of mercenary soldiers as a class, should have selected for this office so bad a specimen of the soldier of fortune as the Spaniard Don Michele, the principal cut-throat of Cæsar Borgia. Yet to such a pitch had private feuds and jealousies risen in his native city that he dared not appoint a Florentine; and there was probably little to choose in point of character between Don Michele and the other professional soldiers who were open to selection, while he had, at least, the recommendation of knowing his business thoroughly.

Probably, the carrying out of this scheme gave to Machiavelli the greatest happiness he ever knew in his not very fortunate life. He exclaims with enthusiasm in a published letter to the citizens of Florence:—

You will learn even in your own time, how great is the difference between fellow-citizens, who are soldiers by choice, and not, as at present, from mercenary motives; for now, if any man has been a disobedient son and squandered his substance in dissipation, he it is who becomes a soldier, whereas on the new system well-brought-up men, educated in honest schools, will do honor to themselves and their country.

With regard to his action in this matter, Professor Villari writes:—

For the first time his character awakens in us a sympathy and admiration which before it was impossible to feel. The cynical smile of the cold diplomatist disappears from his lips, and his physiognomy suddenly assumes to our eyes a serious and severe solemnity, revealing to us the flame of genuine patriotism which is burning in his heart, and ennobling his existence. . . . We have seen, it is true, that in the many missions entrusted to him he never thought of using his opportunities for the purpose of worldly advancement, but, instead, devoted himself to investigating the principles

of a new science. . . . But this was a scientific disinterestedness of which we have numerous examples, even in the corruption of the Italian Renaissance. When, however, Machiavelli endeavors to stimulate the Gonfaloniere to found the new militia, and writes to Cardinal Soderini to assist in influencing his brother, and travels throughout the dominions of the republic; distributing arms, enrolling infantry, writing thousands of letters, and begging to be allowed to continue his study of camps and garrisons, it is impossible not to acknowledge this to be a proof of deep and sincere self-abnegation in favor of the public good. In his quality of secretary and as a man of letters who had never followed a military career, he could expect no personal advantage from all this, not even one step of promotion in his own office.

The new science to which the biographer refers, is political science, of which Machiavelli must be considered as the first master in modern times. During all this period of his life, as he travelled from court to court on the various missions entrusted to him, he was laying up materials for his later works on the art of government, and on the life and growth of States. He was a close and constant observer; and all the facts he observed he recorded, not haphazard, but in connection with the general principle which he had deduced from them and which they illustrated. This generalizing turn, this search for the common law uniting the scattered phenomena that came under his observation, is very marked in him from the first, and distinguishes him from such a writer as the Florentine historian, Guicciardini, who lived about the same time, and who was, by his contemporaries, generally esteemed the more able man of the two. Superior he certainly was in practical tact and mastery of detail; but he had none of Machiavelli's imaginative breadth and force of intellect, none of that power of marshalling and ordering facts so as to reveal their essential relations, which stamps the truly scientific mind.

It generally happens, however, that in times of storm and stress the man of wide and philosophical views is at a disadvantage in comparison with a man

like Guicciardini, who, having no theoretical problems to occupy his mind, is free to give his whole attention to circumstances as they arise, and to consider the best practical method of dealing with them.

But the nicest tact would be of but little avail in the difficulties now thickening round Florence. They arose principally from the action of Pope Julius the Second. The old man seemed to grow more feverishly active as he approached the term when all activity must cease. Rome itself was full of the tokens of his energy. He had summoned Michael Angelo and Raphael to decorate the Palace of the Vatican, and the praise that has been bestowed on Leo X. as a patron of the arts might with more fitness be given to him. Leo X. cared little for art except so far as it flattered his vanity; he collected poets around him to applaud his verses, and gave commissions to Raphael for frescoes that his figure might appear in the foreground. Julius II. with all his faults had a higher conception of the dignity of art and of the duty of a sovereign with regard to it.

But a matter that lay much nearer his heart than the decoration of the Sistine Chapel was the recovery of that portion of the Papal States which had fallen into the hands of Venice. For this purpose he made the League of Cambray with Spain, France, and Florence. The two great powers were bribed to participate by the promise of a share in the conquered territory. Florence was to be helped to put down Pisa, which submitted, in fact, about this time, after a siege of many years. But when the pope had won back his territories with the help of the French, he proceeded to the second part of the programme, which was nothing less than their complete expulsion from Italy. He was sure of the sympathy of a large party, when he raised the cry of *Fuori i Barbari*, and in 1510 he concluded a league with Venice and Spain against France. This in itself was embarrassing enough, as republican Florence had always been on the French side since the expulsion

of the Medici; and yet the republic could by no means afford to quarrel with the pope.

But, besides all this, there was a growing dissatisfaction in Florence with the government of Soderini, and the partisans of the Medici had begun to stir. The family was now represented by the Cardinal Giovanni dei Medici, since his elder brother Piero, the hot-headed, weak-minded son of a very able father, had been drowned in crossing the Garigliano. This cardinal was believed to be an easy-going man of kindly temper, a cultivated amateur of art, who cared for little but the enjoyment of all the refinements of life in the society of painters and poets. As a matter of fact he kept a very careful watch on the affairs of Florence from his Roman residence, and was already engaged in intrigues with some of the principal citizens, who were ready, when time should serve, to help him to re-establish the power of the Medici.

His opportunity soon came. The Spanish and papal troops drove the French out of Lombardy, and then marched on Florence. Soderini trembled for his office and even for his life; he knew that the Confederates were pledged to restore the Medici, and that his fall was determined on. But Machiavelli had pinned his faith to his beloved militia. What had the republic to fear while guarded by an army of its own citizens? The Florentine militia proved, however, a very inadequate defence against the formidable infantry of Spain, the finest soldiers in Europe. At Prato they fled like sheep before the troops of the league, and the City of the Lilies was left without defence. The existing government of course bore the blame for these misfortunes; the Gonfaloniere Soderini was deposed by a popular tumult, and messengers of submission and peace were sent to the pope and to Cardinal dei Medici. Nothing could be more modest than the demands of the cardinal. He only wished leave, he said, for himself and his family to live in Florence as private citizens, without molestation. The pope required

that the republic should join the league against France, and should pay a contribution to the expense of the war.

The influence of his relatives, and specially of his brother, Cardinal Soderini, saved the ex-gonfaloniere from any worse misfortune than loss of his office and temporary banishment. It was not the interest of the Medici to push matters to extremities, and Cardinal dei Medici had a special motive for wishing to conciliate all parties. He was already deep in those intrigues which, on the death of Pope Julius, placed him in the chair of St. Peter. His aim was to revert to the policy of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and under a show of republican forms to make the influence of his family supreme in the city. A Parliament was accordingly called, and, under the skilful manipulation of the cardinal and his creatures, it was decreed that the gonfaloniere should be chosen for one year only instead of for life, and that the administration should be in the hands of a *balia*, or council of sixty-six members, chosen by the cardinal.

In 1512 Giovanni dei Medici was elected pope under the name of Leo. X., while his brother Giuliano, afterwards Duke of Nemours, took up his residence in Florence. It was obvious to all who were not dazzled by the magnificence of the new pope, that the chains of thralldom to the Medici were being riveted more and more firmly on Florence. Two young men of good family, who had read their Plutarch, as St. Just did afterwards, with deplorable results, fancied that they would be acting in the "high Roman fashion" if they were to assassinate the tyrants. The plot was discovered, and the criminals put to death. The story of the demeanor of one of them, Boscoli, after his condemnation, is interesting, because it illustrates so clearly the chaotic state of men's minds at this time, the conflict between new ideas eagerly sought, but scarcely apprehended, and the old despised and half-forgotten teachings appearing in solemn and warning significance as the hour approaches in which nothing that is not

founded on the eternal truth of things has any value for the soul.

When towards evening his speedy execution was announced to him, Boscoli became greatly agitated. He seized the Bible, and read aloud from it, invoking the spirit of Savonarola to aid him in the interpretation; and he asked for a confessor from the monastery of St. Mark. To Capponi (his accomplice), who said to him in tones of reproof, "O, Pietro Paolo, then you are not content to die!" he would pay no attention. He had no fear of death; the thoughts that tormented him were of another kind. He hoped to derive strength to die from the stoicism of the ancient philosophers and reminiscences of pagan heroes who had exalted conspiracy and inspired hatred against tyranny. But he felt no strength; he knew not how to meet death with the quiet conscience of a believing Christian. Turning to his consoler, Della Robbia (a relative of the famous sculptor of that name), he exclaimed, "O Luca, pray get Brutus out of my head, that I may take this step entirely as befits a good Christian," and then fell into an agony of despair. . . . When the confessor, seeing the great agitation of the unhappy youth, tried to inspire him with courage to meet his fate, Boscoli immediately answered with some irritation, "Father, do not lose time in teaching me what I already know from the philosophers. Help me to die for the love of Christ." On being at last led to the scaffold, the executioner, with singular and truly Tuscan courtesy, begged his pardon while fastening his bonds, and offered to intercede with the Almighty for him. Boscoli replied, "Fulfil your office; but when you have placed my head on the block, let me stay a little while, and then despatch me. I shall be grateful if you will pray to God for me." He had appeared to devote his last moments to a final desperate effort to approach the Almighty.

From this narrative it appears that the religious teaching of Savonarola, little as it seemed to affect the governing and literary classes, had taken a lasting hold on the popular mind. It is always a dangerous thing to draw general conclusions as to the state of religion and morals in any age or country from the scandals of an aristocratic circle or the publications of a literary clique. If the people of Italy throughout had been as corrupt as their natural

leaders and teachers, the glorious national revival that our own times have seen would have been an utter impossibility.

To return to Machiavelli. The triumph of the Medici relegated him to a life of idleness and obscurity, which to one who from his youth upwards had been accustomed to take part in great affairs was the severest penance imaginable. But this intermission of active labor gave him time to compose the treatises on which his fame as a writer chiefly rests, the "Discorsi" and the "Principe," the first dealing with the mode of government appropriate to republics, the second with that most suitable for a monarchy. Many works had already been written on the science of government, notably the "De Monarchia" of Dante, but, while these had assumed certain principles and deduced from them, in *à priori* fashion, the sort of government most suitable to any State, Machiavelli began by the collection of data respecting existing governments, and those in past times of which trustworthy accounts were to be attained, and on these data he built up, inductively, his system of principles. In this fact mainly consists the value and originality of his work. Dante, for instance, whose, "De Monarchia" may be taken to represent the older political philosophy, begins by assuming the perpetual sovereignty of the Roman people, with the double headship, spiritual and temporal, of the pope and the emperor; and from this he deduces the duty of the Italian States, the functions of the electoral princes of the empire, and all other matters involved in his subject. Later writers had either followed his system, or, declining altogether the task of constructing a philosophy of government, had contented themselves with a bare record of facts.

To Machiavelli it was obvious that the Holy Roman Empire was no more than a name. The day had gone by when Europe could be ruled from Rome or Aix-la-Chapelle; and the tendency of the age was to the formation of strong States, bound together by the ties

of nationality and language, and under the sway of a strongly centralized governing power. Such a State had been formed by Louis XI. of France out of the miserable anarchy resulting from feudal strife and the Hundred Years' War. Such a State was in process of formation by Ferdinand the Catholic. And in his enforced retirement the mind of Machiavelli dwelt more earnestly than ever on the idea of a strong and united Italy, that might take her place beside France and Spain in the commonwealth of nations. The great hindrance to this happy consummation he found—as Mazzini did, three hundred years after—in the temporal power of the Church of Rome.

Had the Christian religion [he says, "Discorsi," book i.] been maintained as it was received from its Founder, things would have gone differently, and men would have been greatly happier. How much on the contrary it has been changed or corrupted is proved by this, that the people nearest to Rome are those having least faith in it. And, whoever considers the use made of religion by the Church of Rome and the nature of its manners, must deem the hour of flagellation and destruction to be near at hand. But inasmuch as there are some who believe that the welfare of Italy depends upon the Church of Rome, I will allege two very weighty reasons against her. The first, that by the infamous example of that Court, this land has lost all devotion and all religion. . . . We Italians, then, are first indebted to the Church and the clergy for the loss of our faith and the gain of wickedness, but we likewise owe them another and greater obligation, which is the cause of our ruin. It is that the Church has kept and keeps our country divided. And verily no country was ever united or happy, save under the complete sway of a republic or a sovereign, as has been the case with France and Spain. . . . The Church alone has prevented this union in Italy; for having had her seat there and held the temporal power, she has neither been strong enough to occupy it entirely, nor so weak as not to be able, when fearing the loss of the temporal power, to summon a new potentate to defend her against any one threatening to seize it. Thus the Church has been the true cause for which Italy has never been united under one head, but always divided among many lords and

princes, wherefore the land has fallen into such feebleness that it has become the prey of the first who attacked it. For all this we Italians are indebted to the Church and to none else. And if any man should desire to see of what the Church may be capable, let him introduce her among the Swiss, the only nation still living after the fashion of the ancients, and he would see that in a brief space the iniquitous customs of that Court would create more disorder than any other event that could possibly occur.

We may note that at the very time when Machiavelli was writing this scathing invective against the Roman Church, he was most desirous of obtaining, by favor of the head of that Church, some public appointment in the reconstituted government of his native city. It must be allowed that he had "the courage of his opinions."

The political system of Machiavelli, like the theological system of his great contemporary Luther, is founded on a deep distrust of human nature. St. Paul himself could not realize more acutely the corruption and helplessness for good of the "natural man." Both dreamed indeed of a regenerated society; but while Luther's hopes were based on the new birth of the individual through the Spirit of God, Machiavelli thought only of raising men from their base selfishness by uniting them as members of a State for which they were to live, and in unselfish devotion to which they were to find the means of regeneration.

There is no doubt that love of country, like any other unselfish passion, is a purifying and ennobling element in life; but the difficulty in Machiavelli's system was how to form the ideal State out of such base realities, and how to inspire the slavish, sensual creatures around him with the enthusiasm of a patriotic self-devotion. His answer to the problem is curious in the extreme. It consists in bringing his ideal prince on the scene. This personage, by fair means if possible, but if not by foul, is to establish his unquestioned authority over his subjects. He is to grant them popular institutions and admit them to

a reasonable share in the government; and the sense of strength, security, and prosperity which they enjoy under his rule will gradually develop in them that attachment to the state of things under which they live which is the best soil for the growth of the patriotic virtues. In accomplishing this great end Machiavelli insists (doubtless with the thought of Louis XI. and Ferdinand the Catholic in his mind) that the prince is to be hampered by no scruples which will interfere with his attaining his purpose in the most direct and effectual way possible. Let him be heedless of the risk of infamy for such vices, without which it is hardly possible for him to save his State.

It is not necessary to spend time in pointing out the obvious mischievousness of this doctrine, which, if carried out, would involve a complete divorce between public and private morality. No statesman who valued his reputation would dare in these times to express himself in such a way. Yet it may be urged, as some slight excuse for Machiavelli, that the principle he laid down was one on which every politician of his day regulated his conduct, whether avowedly or not.

But it is not merely his lax views of public morality that detract from the value of Machiavelli's political writings. They are permeated by a fallacy common to his time—a fallacy which modern scientific thought has only lately dispelled—that States can be *made*, moulded into any form that a ruler chooses, as if the life of a State was not just as much an organic growth in its own way as the life of a plant. Machiavelli's "Prince" was to mould his principality as if it were clay in the hands of a potter. He took no account whatever, in his theory, of the mass of inherited instincts, tendencies, prejudices, beliefs, that determine the collective life of a nation. Our own age is too thoroughly saturated with the nineteenth-century doctrine of development, or evolution, to realize the state of mind of a writer who conceived of a national consciousness and character, as the educational writers of the last century

did of a child's intelligence, namely, as a sheet of white paper on which anything might be written. But it is not surprising to find a fallacy which Burke had to expose in his "Considerations on the French Revolution" flourishing three centuries before his time in Florence.

Besides two or three comedies, of which "La Mandragola," so highly praised by Macaulay, is the most celebrated, and a few pamphlets on Florentine government, Machiavelli composed a dialogue on the "Art of War," in which he referred again to his favorite idea of a national militia. This work purports to be the full report of certain conversations held between Machiavelli and his friends, Rucellai, Colonna, Buondelmonte, and other noble Florentines in the Orcellarii Gardens at Florence, so long the haunt of philosophers and poets. He concludes with a peroration marked with the stately and yet impassioned eloquence to which he often rises, when speaking on a subject that lies near his heart:—

He then, who, being a prince, should yet despise these ideas, despises his kingdom; if a citizen, his city. And I am ill-content with Nature, for either she should have withheld from me the knowledge of these things, or given me power to execute them. Nor, being aged, can I longer hope for any opportunity of executing them, and therefore I have been liberal with you, who, being young and gifted, may be able, if my words have found favor with you, to forward or suggest them at the fitting moment in aid of your prince. And I would wish you to feel neither dismay nor distrust, for this land seems born to give new life to dead things, as has been seen in poetry and painting and sculpture. But as regards myself, being already advanced in years, I certainly feel no hope. Yet, truly, had fortune in past times granted me a State wide enough for a similar enterprise, I believe that I could have shown the world the great value of ancient military methods, and either I should have gloriously aggrandized my State or lost it without dishonor.

It is difficult, after reading these words, to attach much weight to those who think that his numerous applica-

tions for a public appointment under the Medicean government were dictated by a base desire for self-aggrandizement. When we remember that during his long course of public service he had never set aside the interests of the State in favor of his own, and, so far from profiting by the many opportunities of enrichment that would have presented themselves to a dishonest or avaricious man, he went out of office as poor, save for a small paternal inheritance, as he went in—when we see that the employment he sought in the State of Florence involved the sacrifice of no principle, the betrayal of no friend—we cannot resist the conclusion that what impelled him was his consciousness of great powers and his wish to employ them in the service of his country.

At last, the way seemed open. The Studio (or Academy) of Florence commissioned him to write the history of his city. The death of Leo X. and the six weeks' pontificate of Adrian VI. was followed by the election of Giulio dei Medici to the papal throne, under the title of Clement VII. Machiavelli was once more allowed to enter public life, and was despatched on a diplomatic mission to Rome soon after Clement's accession. We next find him at Venice, sent by the Florentine government on some business of trifling import, which occupied him much less than the movements of the emperor Charles V., whose troops, after the crushing defeat of the French at Pavia, had overrun Lombardy, and were menacing both Florence and Rome.

With some difficulty Machiavelli obtained permission to undertake the fortifying of Florence. He also attempted to revive his militia ordinance, and this time with greater success. The citizen-soldiers organized according to his instructions did noble service in the dark days of the siege.

He was denied the sight of that tardy triumph, but, at the same time, a great affliction was spared him. He had not to see his city deprived of the remnant of her liberties, lying prostrate and captive at the feet of her tyrants. He died

just at the time when Florence, encouraged by the weakness of the reigning pope, made a last effort for freedom. Returning from a mission to Rome, he had found the Medici expelled, and a free government established, in which, however, there was no place for him. His acceptance of office under the Medici had ruined him with the party now temporarily in power, and, while measures were being hastily taken to reconstitute the republic, and put the city in a state of defence, he had to stand aside, suspected and unemployed. This cruel mortification, acting on a state of health already delicate, and much impaired by toil and fatigue, brought on an illness, of which he died, on June 22, 1527. He was buried at Santa Croce, where in 1787 a monument was erected to him, with the hearty co-operation, it is curious to note, of the reigning grand-duke. It bears his name and the dates of his birth and death, with this inscription only added : —

Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.

From Temple Bar.

THE TUAN ROSEDEEN'S STORY.

My friend Lord is an officer in the Sarawak service. I made his acquaintance nineteen years ago, when travelling through the dominions of Rajah Brooke, and many pleasant hours we spent together, in forest, on wide, silent streams, or in the quaint bazaars of Kuching. Our correspondence had never quite ceased when Lord wrote me that he was coming home on leave, and my heart rejoiced. I gathered a small company of friends, such as could talk with a man who had passed half his life in the jungle, and I think they all admit that Sunday afternoon to have been one of the pleasantest and most interesting they remember. Many stories Lord related, in the thoughtful and impressive manner which men learn in a solitary existence amongst savages. Somebody remarked that romantic and chivalrous passion could not be found in Moslem people. My friend did not agree with this common belief, and he

gave several instances within his own experience which contradicted it. I transcribe the most striking, filling up the gaps of a brief and hurried narrative.

He was sitting one night in the upper story of his fort, which overlooks the great Rejang River. The newest literature of the Sarawak Library had just come to hand, in its slow circuit of the out-stations. The Rejang residency is not very far from the capital, and news often reached my friend within three months of date. After exhaustive study of the newspapers and magazines, he forwarded them to his nearest colleague, and so, getting more and more limp, they circulated, until the resident of Bintulu thought himself lucky to be reassured as to the continued existence of Europe above ground five months ago. Even that speed was possible only in the dry season. During the rains no mail could be forwarded for weeks at a time. I should put these statements in the past tense, for the new rajah's fleet of steamers and swift gunboats has probably amended the former state of things.

It will be conceived that residents were happy when the post came in. After devouring his private correspondence, Lord stretched himself upon a heap of furs, topped by a mat to check the rising warmth; filled his glass of schnapps, well watered; laid a box of No. 3 cheroots in easy reach; commanded silence in the fort, and prepared for an evening at home, in all senses of the expression. I can fancy the picture, for often I beheld its like. The fort, built of solid timbers, had a ground floor, empty and dark. As with all other buildings of that country, its inhabitants lived up above, on the spacious first floor, which had two chambers, of great size, and the closet where Lord slept. One was the armory and magazine, where lounged fortmen off duty, playing chess upon the mats, or gossiping; or chanting in low tones love poetry, or verses of the Koran. This evening they had thrown aside their uniform, and lay in trousers only, or in petticoats of dull red tartan; a solitary

candle flared on their supple, yellow shoulders. Down the room some hundreds of rifles were stacked, and light guns stood muffled behind the closed embrasures. The front hall, larger still, looked across the river. Here, in groups around their guns, peeping through the embrasures, and ready for instant service, sat the fortmen on duty, in blue jackets, red sashes, snowy trousers, and head-handkerchiefs. There is no soldier neater than your Malay; he loves to wash both his garments and his person. Smoking is forbidden on guard, but the bronze box containing *pinang*, areca-nut, pepper-leaf, chalk or lime, and tobacco, was pushed quietly along the floor, and a ceaseless stream of red saliva stained the mats. Very quietly the men chatted under their breath, laughed softly, and watched the *Tuan Roseden* (resident) studying the mysterious doings of Belât.

On the balcony outside each angle, and on the platform below, stood sentries, watching the river. For, though piracy and head-taking had already been suppressed, those evil habits would certainly have revived, as they would now, on signs of carelessness. Young men heated mind as well as body at the midnight fire of their jungle homes, when grey-haired pirates recounted their exploits of another day. Though more rarely with each year, canoes still slipped up or down, and tried to pass the fort in darkness, with muffled paddles.

It was the night for such an enterprise; so black that the portholes seemed to frame a square of ebony, and the broad, open lattice between roof and walls glimmered against the sky. All the light in the vast guardroom was furnished by a lamp upon the floor beside the resident. The shadow of his table fell in a great black smirch on walls and open roof; the whispering soldiers loomed misshapen and gigantic; dimly seen in corners, and at the foot of enormous posts, furry heaps lay rolled around — big monkeys, slumbering with their arms across their eyes. No sound came from without, saving the murmur of the flooded stream, and the monotonous evensong of crickets in the trees.

Such a night and such a scene had been familiar to Lord for many years. He did not feel the savage solitude which would have chilled a stranger.

A sentry challenged below, and his cry was echoed from the balcony. Soldiers raised themselves to listen, but Lord did not stir, deep in some bit of news, discussed, worn out, and forgotten long ago in Europe. A trade-boat was passing, maybe, or sick revellers returning from a week's festivity, or a lover was detected stealing by. The sentry's voice could be heard again in questioning, impatient tone. Then the Malays began to laugh, and one near the magazine called softly: "Madoud, eh Madoud! luck has come for you!" Presently arrived the sergeant of the outer guard. He reported gravely that a young girl from the Swei River asked to see the Tuan Roseden.

Lord threw down his papers in a rage. Woman brings trouble to the philosopher and the recluse in every land; but special circumstances make her an object of dread to magistrates in the East. The sex is not less enterprising nor more reasonable in Borneo than elsewhere, and female activity results in a row, as a general thing. When this disaster happens, the fair one appeals to her kindred, so does the injured male, and Lothario frequently heads a third party. In the troubles of married life, however, there is always a consolation fund, so to put it, in the dowry, which distracts the attention of all concerned. But when scandal arises about a young girl there is seldom a by-issue; the loss to her family is direct. The lover may or may not be able, may or may not be willing to make compensation; and in any case the avenging kinsman will probably not wait to see, if they catch the fugitive. This girl was not even a subject of Sarawak; the Swei River lies in the sultan's territory. International complications on the top of family broils! Lord swore at the prospect; his Malays grinned, nudging one another.

He seated himself at his official table, and placed the lamp thereon. The girl was ushered in; those fortmen loung-

ing in the magazine crowded to the doorway, and as she walked trembling towards the light, she glanced in that direction—stopped—and ran like a partridge amongst them, crying, "Madoud!" This incident was delightful to the soldiers; they laughed till they screamed under their breath; ran back into the magazine, rolling over one another on the floor. The girl let Madoud go, hid her face, and wept.

Lord saw the whole story. "Step out, Madoud!" he cried in passion. The youth stood forward frankly, and saluted. A tall young fellow, for his race, fair-skinned and well-featured. A very shadowy moustache edged his lips, proof almost positive of Arab blood; his frayed sarong was silk, brodered with gold, his head-handkerchief had a trimming of rusty gold lace. Madoud was evidently a scion of good stock, down in the world.

"Who is this girl, and why does she come after you?"

"She is called Dayang Isaka, and her father is Pangeran Musahor, a chief on the Sui: I do not know why she comes after me."

"Probably because you bewitched her when you travelled with me through those parts!"

"I have bewitched no girl, Tuan; the Dayang Isaka and I were children together when my father lived at Sibungan."

"Double all the guards, 'sergeant-major! Take down below all the men off duty. You others retire into the magazine. Madoud, remain here! The Dayang also!"

"Come nearer!" Lord said to the girl, when they were left alone. "Why, you are wet through."

"My canoe was leaky," she faltered. "It sank at the landing-place."

"Have you come from Sibungan in it? How many days have you been out?"

"Two days in the river, Tuan, and two days at sea, and two days up to this place."

"It leaked all the time?"

"Yes, Tuan! It was an old canoe which I found."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen years, I think!"

"Go into the closet there and put on the dry sarongs you will find; then return!" She crept away.

"Now, Madoud?"

"I did not know the Dayang's intention, Tuan! I am sorry she has come!" But the light in his eyes contradicted him.

"What is your family?"

"My father was Pangeran Douroup, head chief of the Sui River. He is dead, and our people have all left. My brothers sailed to Sulu, and I do not know what has become of them. When I grew to be a man, I crossed into Sarawak, and enlisted with the English rajah."

"Have you property? Would Pangeran Musahor give you his daughter to wife?"

"I have property. But Pangeran Musahor would not give me Dayang Isaka."

"Why?"

Madoud was silent. "What is to be the end of this?" Lord continued after a pause.

"The Merciful One knows! You will not give her up, Tuan!"

At this point Isaka returned, clad in Lord's bathing petticoats. Her streaming wet hair had served the purpose of a veil when she entered; it was now caught up, knotted, and adorned with a few blossoms of gardenia. Flowers of some kind are indispensable for the Malay girl's toilette; Isaka had helped herself from the tray placed as usual on Lord's dressing-table. In pretty embarrassment she tried to conceal her features with a handkerchief, gripped in her little teeth; but it dropped when she spoke, and great was her confusion. Isaka would have been thought pretty anywhere. She was slender and graceful as a nymph of the woods, with large, thoughtful eyes and tiny mouth. Her nose was not perfection, truly, but for a girl of her race singularly good. Surveying the frightened, childish little beauty who had made such a desperate venture for love, Lord swore to protect her, if it might be.

Isaka questioned had no suggestion. The full extent of her design was now achieved. Lord did not comprehend at first, and felt suspicious. "What?" he sternly said. "A girl of high rank has spirit to elope, to go unveiled amongst men, to risk perils which a warrior would not face composedly, for the purpose of joining her lover—this I believe, for I see it. But do not tell me that the same girl has formed no plan to escape the consequences of her act. Why, Dayang, that must be a wicked woman or a fool who would bring death upon her lover and herself, on others also perhaps, for a whim!"

Isaka began to cry. Madoud looked grave.

"What did you think of during these six days' journey?"

"Of Madoud," she sobbed, "and of keeping the canoe afloat!"

"Do you mean to swear you have no friends in this country who will take your side?"

"None, Tuan, by the Prophet! I thought the English rajah would protect me, if only I got here. Madoud is his trusty servant!"

Her frankness was patent. But if, upon the one hand, some further complications were avoided by the Dayang's friendlessness, upon the other an urgent difficulty arose. The fort was no proper residence for a Malay girl of birth, and he dared not trust her outside. Telling Isaka to veil herself, Lord summoned the guard to re-enter, and before them all he sent Madoud to fetch Nikodah Bakeer, oldest and most respectable of Malay chiefs in the town. The youth departed, Isaka withdrew to the bedroom, and Lord returned to his newspapers with a mind ill at ease.

An hour afterwards came the Nikodah, a withered veteran, pirate in youth, trader in middle age, and now devotee. To him the story was revealed in public, and greatly did it move him, though he listened without a word. The beads of his rosary, rattling between nervous fingers, testified anger and disgust. When all was told, the Nikodah muttered two or three short prayers, and said: "My boats are loading cocoanuts

at Satang. But Limoung, my brother, has one ready to start. He will be glad to lend it, for Pangeran Musahor is rich!"

The answer was inconsequential, but Lord understood. This Malay chief saw no course possible but the instant despatch of Isaka to her parents. As he thought, so would all his fellows. By no law, English or native, could a free-born child be sheltered who complained of no ill-treatment, who had left her father's house to pursue a lover unsuitable. The Tuan Resident could not dispute this view, and his heart failed him. But Isaka must not be started off at once in the dark. The chief perceived this, and with evident distaste he proposed to lodge her in his own harem. Lord knew what moral torments there awaited her, and knew also that she might be spirited beyond his reach by dawn. He suggested, therefore, as an alternative, that two trustworthy female slaves should be sent to pass the night with Isaka. In the second place, he begged the chief to take Madoud in charge, and keep him in safe custody till further orders. Nikodah Bakeer reluctantly consented. Madoud set off, in great bewilderment, between two soldiers, whilst Isaka, who heard the conversation, audibly bemoaned her fate.

Presently arrived the slaves, in charge of the returning fortmen. Only to hear their silly voices, and impudent laughter, Lord knew what an insult had been passed upon the Dayang, and indirectly on himself. In place of elderly and respectable females, Nikodah Bakeer had sent the two most flighty servants of his household; intimating thereby that Isaka could expect no better company henceforward.

The slaves came up, good-looking girls of their class, with bold eyes. They stared about curiously, seeking and finding recognition from the fortmen. Lord sternly ordered them into the bedroom, and resumed the study of his mail. But a story more interesting far was working itself out in his own jungle residence at the moment, and Lord's attention flagged. His troubles

had not finished even for that night. All was still again, but presently one of his monkeys, scarcely yet dozing after the late excitement, began to chatter. He looked up, and saw a fortman crawling towards the bedroom door, which softly opened at his approach. This man dismissed to the punishment-cell, in no long time an attempted sortie was betrayed by the same vigilance. Lord drove the hussies inside, and barred the door. But he forgot a window giving on the balcony, until Isaka recalled this oversight by pushing her unfaithful guardians through to join their midnight lovers. Vexed beyond endurance, Lord placed a trusty sentinel at door and window, ordering him to fire upon any who drew near. And then he slept upon his pillow of skins. Such trouble does he know who takes upon himself the charge of lovely woman in the East.

At break of dawn, Lord summoned a chief less respectable than Bakeer, who sent a virtuous kinswoman, with an immaculate slave, to replace the girls. Then he went deer-shooting, to escape questions, and to meditate. But no result came of his pondering, though it absorbed him so completely that he missed a stag of ten, which ignominiously perished in the Dyak nets. Returning towards sunset, he heard without surprise that a strange boat was signalled from a village down below, where it had taken moorings. Pangeran Musahor was on board, with a number of his kinsmen. So great a chief could not hurry. Lord had a servant whom he could trust, one of the Lanun boys, caught when all their pirate relatives were destroyed, in the action of the Rainbow, near twenty years since. The lad had forgiven or forgotten, as had his fellows. But their dauntless blood had not degenerated, and they kept apart, regarding the whole world as their enemy, except the rajah and his white officials. The youth Lord sent to spy among the strange Malays, and he gleefully set out, divining mischief.

At his wits' end, Lord resolved to see whether Isaka had not conceived a plan.

He asked an audience, and waited on the fugitive. Both she and her chaperon were impenetrably veiled. They rose from the floor to greet him, and dropped again.

"I thought you had a slave," he remarked.

The duenna eased her head-gear, moved uncomfortably, and replied at random.

"Deaf?" asked Lord, in quick pantomime.

"As a post!" Isaka answered by her laughing eyes, adding aloud, "The slave is getting our supper."

This remark, translated into the chaperon's best ear, caused her to nod in vivacious assent. Grateful for the chance, Lord briefly informed his *protégée* that her father was approaching, that he could make no formal resistance, that her safety depended on her own wit.

"I know," she answered with a pretty sententiousness. "I have been thinking—may I see Madoud one moment?"

"That is impossible. I do more for you than I ought."

"Will he be present when you receive my father?"

"If you wish it—he has done no wrong that I know of. When your father arrives, he may return to duty at the fort."

"Then let him be present, Tuan, and tell him to support me in all I say. Tuan! You will not let us be murdered?" her large eyes dilated, her hands quivered as she stretched them out.

"No one shall harm you here, be assured of that!"

The slave entered with supper, and Lord rose. Isaka kissed his hand, and the deaf chaperon bowed low. Lord won her heart by his profound obedience, but the poor old dame was an unprofitable ally.

Before dawn the sergeant roused him, announcing that the strange proa was leisurely getting under weigh. An express was sent to Nikodah Bakeer, summoning him to produce Madoud immediately. S'Ali, the Lanun boy,

arrived meanwhile. He reported that Pangeran Musahor had brought three sons, a brother, several cousins, half-a-dozen friends, and a score of retainers. With the slaves this made a formidable cohort, but S'Ali gathered that Isaka's friends were in the majority. All the elders wished to suppress the scandal as far as might be, and the girl's "whole brother," Tuan Abdool, swore that no harm should befall her. The younger men, headed by the two half-brothers, would not believe Isaka's innocence of aught besides folly, and cried for vengeance upon her and her lover. Several times during the voyage the two parties had quarrelled fiercely, but they had now agreed that Abdool should take his sister to Brunei, where an impatient bridegroom expected her.

Lord asked if the Pangeran knew that his daughter had taken refuge in the fort, and if the possibility of his refusal to surrender her had been discussed? S'Ali had heard nothing upon this score, but his expression of amused astonishment was answer enough. Such a thought could only occur to a Malay upon suspicion that the resident had fallen in love.

Madoud arrived, and took his usual post among the garrison, mustered in full uniform. Lord dressed himself for ceremony, in black jacket with gold buttons, white trousers and waistcoat, laced cap and sword. Then he thoughtfully commanded those preparations, not unfamiliar, which prudence enjoins when dangerous visitors are expected. All was ready when the proa drew up to the landing-place. It was a fine boat, manned by twenty paddlers, and as many Pangerans, Datus, Ampuans, and Tuans sat under the awning. The level sunbeams of dawn twinkled on gold-cloth, on ornamental weapons, and profuse embroidery. A number of light canoes followed, bearing a throng of inquisitive spectators from the village below.

The banks of the Rejang at this part are high, and very deep of mud. A log roughly flattened, with notches cut in it, makes the gangway; the sultan has no better apparatus for disembark-

ing at his palace. The nobles ascended briskly, gripping with their prehensile toes, and fortmen respectfully landed them at the upper end. But when the chiefs had passed, the log was tossed aside, excluding their retainers. In loud discontent these clustered in the mud below. The nobles, about a dozen, had no firearms, but each wore a parang or kris, protruding in front, horizontally sticking out behind, under the waist-cloth of silk or cloth of gold. At top of the staircase Lord received his guests, between two rows of fortmen, who presented arms. Pangeran Musahor went first, shook hands, and named his kindred in order of precedence. As each was introduced, Lord took his hand, and the sergeant-major assigned him a chair. Then the commandant himself led Musahor to the seat of dignity, took his own place opposite, and saluted again. This grave and ceremonious reception delighted the Malays, whilst the neatness and order of the fort, and the discipline of the soldiers, who had fallen back to line the walls, stirred their admiration.

Lord observed that he was honored by this visit; the Pangeran vowed that the grand purpose of existence was fulfilled that day. After a series of courtesies, he casually remarked that a daughter of his had run away, that he had reason to think she was hiding somewhere in this neighborhood. Lord met him at once. The Dayang Isaka had sought his protection, and he had taken such measures as seemed fitting to guard her reputation. The Nikodah Bakeer and the deaf duenna successively gave their evidence upon this point, which was audibly approved by the chiefs. Musahor declared his gratitude with real emotion, and one after another his kinsfolk made a ceremonious speech. Then they looked about them, like men who had finished business, and proposed to have some easy gossip before leaving. When Lord quietly asked what they proposed doing, they were much amazed.

"I shall carry my daughter away at once, Tuan!" said Musahor.

"It is your right. But she has taken

refuge under the Sarawak ensign, and you nobles of Brunei will understand that I cannot give her up unheard. In the first place, I must have your solemn assurance, as a true Moslem, that the Dayang Isaka shall not be harmed."

"I give it you, Tuan, upon the Holy Beard, or what you will!"

"It is then my duty to inquire why the marriage she desires cannot be effected —"

This abrupt opening of the point really at issue, provoked an angry demonstration; Lord saw with anxiety that Musahor had little influence over his kinsfolk. He continued:—

"This young man whom the Dayang Isaka came here to seek —"

Another burst of passion, so indecorous that Lord, frowning, issued a command, and the footmen suddenly advanced, closing around the central group. This movement calmed the uproar, and he proceeded:—

"I say, that Madoud is noble, he has property sufficient, and an honorable repute in the service of the rajah. That the Dayang Isaka wishes to marry him is evident, and he is eager for the match. I ask, therefore, why it cannot take place?"

The rage of the Brunei chiefs had now become quiet and dangerous. They did not interrupt as Musahor, trembling but dignified, made reply. Madoud, he said briefly, was a mere soldier of Sarawak; and there dropped the question of status. His birth was noble truly, for he was son of the late Pangeran Douroup, head chief of the Sui River. "Thirty years ago," Musahor continued, "in the day when Omar Ali Seffedin, whose memory be honored, was our sultan, his vizier was Pangeran Usop, a virtuous and warlike man. The *Iang-di-per-Tuan* (sultan) leaned on him as on a palm-tree which shelters the people, and gives them fruits sweet and nourishing. But the axe of malice was sharpened privily, and when its edge was keen, foes laid it at his root. The sultan was misled by falsehoods; Pangeran Usop and his brother fled to us at Sibungan, where he had much land and many friends.

His enemies could not obtain an order for his death, and they grew fearful. Assassins came into our district, but we caught them and beat them. Then those hateful persons sought among us on the Sui, if they could find an impious wretch like themselves." Lord glanced at Madoud, guessing the sequel. His face had grown haggard and pale.

"Pangeran Usop and his brother were living with Pangeran Douroup. We warned them against him, but they would not believe. They were heroes; as it is written of Sawira Gading, they would have fought with death itself. Some precautions they took. The pair never separated, and never laid down their arms. Whilst one ate or bathed or slept, the other watched. If any tried to pass behind them they smote him down, though he were a child. But God had sealed their fate.

"One day at noontide, Pangeran Usop went to bathe, and his brother stood guard, talking with Douroup. Presently he asked for fire to light his cigar, but no slave answered; then Douroup himself fetched an ember almost dead. The chieftain vainly sought to kindle his cigar, and at length, impatient, he laid down his kris, and took the charcoal in hand. Then Douroup struck him with a staff upon his bended neck, and laid him senseless. As he did so, his Ampuans bounded from their ambush, and fell upon Pangeran Usop, who was landing naked. Him they cut as one cuts a bullock; and the heads of those two heroes were despatched to Brunei! Our sultan never knew the truth; but Allah, the All-merciful, saw that wicked deed, and judged it. Those traitors all perished miserably; their children are exiled and outcasts; no man gives them his daughter to wife; not a boatman on the Sui would make alliance with Madoud."

Lord dared not glance at the unhappy youth whose father's crime was thus publicly told. He could do no more, and prudence counselled a speedy termination of the scene. For there is a danger, a very ugly one, that attends scandal and exposure in the far East. It is always possible, scarcely ever im-

probable, that the person accused may go amok suddenly. Lord could only bow, as Musahor concluded. Likely enough this Pangeran had crimes as dark upon his conscience. Madoud was spurned, not because his father had committed murder, but because the murder had not been a successful stroke of business.

After a pause, Lord whispered his sergeant to place Madoud amongst half-a-dozen files and bring him forward. Then he said aloud: "It remains for me, Pangeran, to summon the Dayang Isaka and this young man, that they may speak for themselves."

Again the Brunei nobles, who had calmed a little, flared into hot rage. It is an unusual thing to summon an unmarried girl before a crowd of males, but Lord's only hope lay in Isaka's subtlety. He sent for the deaf chapeiron, and with much pains it was conveyed to her that the Dayang must be introduced.

She came out handsomely dressed and veiled. With savage eyes her kinsfolk watched her brave but trembling advance. Pangeran Musahor arose, as did her brother Abdool. But in the same moment Madoud stepped out upon the other side, with three armed comrades on either hand. When Isaka saw him, she exclaimed: "Why am I here, Tuan Roseden, and my husband opposite? My place is with the man I have married!" Before any one could interfere, she ran across, and threw her arms about Madoud.

Then the storm burst out. The brothers and the cousins sprang forward, throwing off the silks and gold embroidery which hid their weapons. Pangeran Musahor was thrust aside, and fell backwards over his chair. Gripping kris and parang, the Malays hurled themselves upon the little group of fortmen, who were instantly supported by their comrades. "Don't fire! Don't fire!" cried the resident, and his men obeyed. But some clubbed their rifles, some thrust them in the assailants' eyes, others stabbed with the ever-ready dagger. The *mêlée* lasted only a second, but purple streams oozed among the trampling

feet, and spread themselves along the mats. The strangers were overthrown and disarmed, three of them wounded; Pangeran Musahor had a serious sprain. Upon the other side two fortmen were badly hurt. The Brunei chiefs, saving Musahor, were lodged in a dismal apartment beneath the guardroom. Though wounded and bruised and beaten, they did not quail, challenging the Tuan and all Sarawak to meet them man to man and try their fate again. Lord descended to the water's edge, for trouble was brewing there. The retainers excluded had heard the fray, and they demanded their chief. But when soldiers paraded on the bank, they suddenly gave up their arms, and went into captivity. Lord sent for a doctor, native of course, since there is no better within five hundred miles; and returned.

His neat guardroom was dismally disordered. The Pangeran sat on a gun-carriage, as miserable as could be. The arms of the vanquished lay at his feet, beautiful weapons, hilted with gold and ivory and silver.

Fortmen were rolling up the mats, trampled and stained with blood, and as they worked they fought again, with lively gestures and sharp laughter. The monkeys, tugging at their chains, wildly chattered and flew about, pausing to mouth and grin, bounding off again. With stern courtesy Lord invited the Pangeran into his room, that the doctor might see him. With the aid of two soldiers, he took his seat upon the bed; Lord followed him, and they both kept silence for a while.

The Pangeran said softly: "What are you going to do with me and my young men, Tuan?"

"To keep them until my rajah and your sultan have pronounced."

"Tuan," pleaded the old chief, after a pause, "I am badly hurt."

"Your sons began the fray. I am very sorry for you, and a doctor is coming."

"They merit all that the rajah's justice decrees. But I tried to restrain them! You will tell that to the rajah and to the sultan? I did my best! Tuan! I have enemies, and if you keep

me here, whilst the charge is reported at Brunei, I am ruined."

"I cannot release you after this disturbance in his fort, without communicating with the rajah. But I will send a despatch at once!"

"Let me carry it then! I ask no more! My young men shall remain."

The doctor entered at this moment, and Lord withdrew. He searched upstairs and down, making no inquiry, but Madoud was not visible. Fervently hoping that youth had struck out by his own intelligence, or Isaka's, the course he himself had wished to recommend, Lord sat to draw up his report. To him presently arrived the chaperon. She had fled, as deaf old ladies should, if they be prudent, when swords are drawn; and now she returned to duty with proper conscientiousness. Lord told her he had no commands to give, and resumed his writing. She tried the bedroom door, found it locked, called softly, waited, then, as if she had received an answer quite satisfactory, sat upon the floor in patience. The ways of people stone-deaf are pitifully droll.

When he had drafted his despatch, Lord took it to the Pangeran and read it over to him. Some objections he made, very cunningly designed to strengthen his own case, which Lord appended with his comments. One of the war-proas of the fort had been made ready, and the Pangeran might embark at once, with a sergeant and a guard, for Kuching. He begged to see Abdool, who was introduced; and then, at starting, Isaka.

The moment had arrived. Lord asked the chaperon why she waited in the guardroom, and learned that the bedroom door was locked. To his knock no answer was returned, and after a time, he forced an entrance. Dayang and slave had vanished; the window giving on the balcony stood open. Much happier in mind, but stern of look, Lord mustered all the garrison—and Madoud did not appear.

In the confusion of the fight, those sagacious lovers had solved all difficulties by eloping. There was nothing to be done at the moment. Pangeran Musahor embarked.

Lord summoned the Dyak chiefs, and they arrived next morning. As a man, he rejoiced at Madoud's desertion, but as commandant he was obliged to track him. He strictly enjoined the Dyaks to do the fugitives no hurt, but to take them prisoners, and to let him know. The chiefs, of course, had heard the story, and they smilingly protested that they understood. Within twenty-four hours came their report—the lovers were captured. Madoud sent a note, written with a burnt stick upon a chip of wood, begging mercy; and Lord, certain to find the pair when needful, left them in the Dyaks' charge. Some days afterwards, another note came to hand. Madoud asked for some pay due to him, and also for leave to visit the town; both requests Lord granted. He was not astonished to remark, when next he met the Moolah, that that ecclesiastical functionary wore a new gown.

The romance ended happily. Pangeran Musahor made his peace with the rajah, obtained the liberty of his kinsmen on payment of a fine to the soldiers hurt, and took them away. Isaka's name was not mentioned. Her value in the matrimonial market of Brunei being hopelessly debased, no one seemed to feel any more interest in her. When, at length, all peril had vanished, and Lord recalled his fortman, there were three passengers in the small canoe which moored off his residence one evening. Madoud returned to duty, and he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant-major when Lord told us this story.

Let me add, quite seriously, that the tale, in all its main circumstances, is perfectly true; that I heard it, with other gentlemen whose credit may scarcely be impugned, just as I have suggested.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AN ENGLISH OFFICER AMONG THE
APULIAN BRIGANDS.

FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF THE LATE
GENERAL SIR R. CHURCH.

SOME sixty or seventy years ago King Ferdinand of Naples commissioned an English officer to put down and destroy the secret societies with which the province of Apulia was infested. This English officer, General Church, was invested with full powers to try, condemn, and execute all such offenders. He has left behind him some curious accounts of his experience in fulfilling this mission, and from his unpublished papers is drawn the following account of the life and capture of the most remarkable among the brigand chiefs of the time.

Ciro Annichiarico was a priest, and sometimes exercised the functions of a priest in the midst of his blood-stained career. We hear of his celebrating mass before starting on some wild expedition, and he complained of the mission priests "that they did not preach the pure Gospel, but disseminated *illiberal* opinions among the peasants." At the same time he was cruel, sparing neither age nor sex; his life was openly immoral, and he boasted of his infidel opinions. When he lay under sentence of death, one of these same good mission priests came to exhort him to repentance. "Let alone this prating," answered Don Ciro, with a sneer; "we are of the same profession, don't let us make game of one another!"

As to his personal appearance, General Church says: "He was a good horseman, and a capital shot; strong and vigorous as a tiger, and equally ferocious; his countenance was bad; he had large features, a very ordinary face, and never without a sinister expression, quite unlike the manly countenance of Don Gaetano Vardarelli (another brigand chief). "His eyes were small and of a reddish hue; his hair dark, thick, and bushy; he had shaggy eyebrows, and a short, rather turned-up nose." The general adds: "Ciro had friends and protectors in all the towns and villages of the province

of Lecce, and had the effrontery at times to show himself in broad daylight apparently unaccompanied. He was a perfect Proteus in his disguises—as a woman, as a beggar, as a priest, as a friar, as an officer, as a *gendarme*. His usual dress was of velveteen, highly laced, with many rows of buttons, and belts in every direction, and he was always armed with pistols and stiletto, carbine or rifle. He always carried poison with him, in a small case, within a red pocket-book. He also always wore several silver chains, to one of which was attached the silver death's-head, the badge of the secret society, the Decisi, which he had founded, and of which he was the recognized head—that terrible society, whose first condition of admission into its ranks was that the candidate must have committed two murders with his own hand, and whose decrees and patents were written in blood. On his breast he wore rows of relics, crosses, images of saints, and amulets against the evil eye. His head-dress was a high-peaked drab-colored hat, adorned with gold band, buckle, and tall black feather, and his fingers were covered with rings of great value."

Ciro Annichiarico was born of well-to-do parents, in Grottaglia, one of the little white towns which stud the green plain of Francavilla. He was early destined to the priesthood by his relations, who were quiet, respectable people, of the farming class mostly, though one of his uncles was a *canonico*, and "a man of learning, who never took any part in the crimes of his nephew." The first time we hear of Ciro he has stabbed a young girl of Grottaglia, betrothed to a fellow-townsmen, Giuseppe Molotesi. Ciro, though already a priest, waylaid the poor girl, and on her scornful rejection of his addresses, murdered her, and afterwards murdered young Molotesi, his sister, and three brothers. This was in 1803.

The only member of the Molotesi family left alive, was a little boy, who was hidden away by a faithful servant in his own desolate house, and who grew up there, barred and bolted in,

never once, for fifteen years, venturing to stir outside the door.

The child grew to be a man. One day friends came to him, not as they were wont, with gentle tappings and passwords, before the fast-bolted door would open to admit them, but in broad daylight, exulting, saying that he was free, that the murderer of his family was dead, that he could come forth and breathe the fresh air of heaven. But the pale captive shrank back, fearing it was some snare laid for him, and refused to cross the threshold of his door. At last he was persuaded to creep out, trembling, dazzled by the sunlight, to go to the town gate, and to look upon the ghastly head exposed there in an iron cage. There he stood, poor creature, half dazed at first, then breaking into wild tears and laughter, throwing himself on his knees to thank the Madonna and all the saints for his deliverance, then running off to the general's quarters to thank him too.

For the murder of the Molotesi, *Ciro* was condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment in chains; but in four years' time he had escaped, and betaken himself to the mountains, where he gathered round him a band of ruffians and outlaws, and became the terror of the neighborhood. In a "Justification" which he sent to the Royal Commission appointed in 1817 to act against the brigands, the wolf thus complains of the hard measure dealt to him by the shepherds of the flock:—

"The priest *Ciro Annichiarico*, of the town of Grottaglia, learns with surprise that the Commission . . . demands the reason why *Ciro Annichiarico* resides out of his native country." He proceeds to protest his innocence of the crimes laid against him, "feeling within me no tumult which reproaches me with having ever acted against reason, or offended against the sacred laws of virtue and honor;" and adds that in consequence of cruel persecutions, he had for years dwelt among the wild beasts, living by the compassion of peasants and shepherds, or on the wild fruits! But his conscience is at peace, though "the blame of every disturbance falls

on him, and whenever robberies or murders are committed, it is put down to the *abate* *Ciro Annichiarico*!" He adds:—

When the glorious Bourbon dynasty returned and benignly determined to recall from exile those who had been banished from society, I presented myself to the authorities, and obtained leave to dwell at Bari under police supervision, and the most pleasing hopes arose within me of living at rest, in social order. I reflected on the obligations imposed upon me by my sacred profession, and determined to join the College of Mission Priests at Bari. I was on the point of doing this, when the thunder-bolt burst upon me; I was secretly informed that my arrest was ordered, and I vanished, and betaking myself to my old haunts, recommenced a wretched and savage life.

Circumstances invited me to crime and vengeance; the feelings of nature and religion recalled me to duty. I learnt with horror from the shepherds that brigands infested the mountains, and the account of their outrages made my heart bleed. I determined to help my fellow-creatures, and hoped one day to undeceive the government about the calumnies heaped upon me. I came forth from my cavern, and took the road to Martina. . . . I can say with truth that the roads are now safe, that the traveller journeys without fear; the farm-houses stand open, the shepherd sings as he leads his flock to the pasture.

Let us turn to the real story of *Ciro*'s life and ways.

He had escaped, as has been said, after four years' imprisonment, and had gone to the mountains. After a while, General Ottavio, a Corsican, was sent to put down brigandage, which had become troublesome, in Apulia; and he set about it by offering an amnesty and pension to *Ciro* if he would reside at Bari, forsaking his evil ways, and becoming a peaceful citizen. "It was a disgrace to the government," says General Church, in his account of the affair; but General Ottavio was mightily pleased with his short and easy method of turning the wolf into the lamb, and at Francavilla a meeting took place, articles were signed, and *Ciro* became, indeed, the pet lamb of the fold. But it did not last long. He tired of captivity, in spite of riding and dining with

the general, who greatly delighted in his company; and the story of his escape recalls one of those old tales which were our childhood's delight.

One fine day General Ottavio and Ciro Annichiarico were strolling together, outside the walls of Bari, accompanied by some officers of the general's suite. Presently the general's horses were brought out for their usual exercise, and Ciro, who had been amusing the company with stories of wild adventures and hairbreadth escapes, interrupted himself to commend the horses, of which the general was vastly proud; among others there was a grey which, saddled and bridled, was brought up by a groom for his master's morning ride. "Yes, 'tis a good horse—you shall try him, and give me your opinion of him," said the general; but Ciro modestly excused himself; he was growing stiff, he was out of practice. Yet, if his Excellency insisted—and after much pressing, the *abate* obeyed, and mounted, rode a few paces, and would have dismounted, but at the general's repeated request took another turn, walked, trotted, galloped, and returned full of praises of the gallant grey. He had never ridden a better horse!

General Ottavio was pleased, but not satisfied. He must have Don Ciro's opinion upon a horse from Conversano; he must know if it would be safe to bet on the speed of the Conversano. The races would soon be coming off, and he knew no man whose judgment would be so good as the *abate's*. So Ciro obligingly consented to mount again, riding a little way, and returning to the gate where the general and his officers stood watching him. He was met with an indignant protest. "But this is nothing, nothing at all! You have grown lazy, Don Ciro; you must have a gallop out of him, or how can you give an opinion?" Don Ciro seemed strangely apathetic. Good living and comfortable quarters had taken the fire out of him apparently; still, to please his host, he consented and galloped off, taking a wider circuit, flashing along the white road which crossed the wide plain, lost to sight for the moment

among the olive woods, then returning at full speed, and declaring that it was an excellent horse, and fleet—though not perhaps quite so fleet as some among the general's stud. Yet a good horse, an excellent horse.

"Ah, you are thinking of my Andalusian. I am told he is five times as fleet as Conversano. What do you say?"

Don Ciro looked at the tall, dark chestnut and shook his head. "No, no, your Excellency. Conversano would match that horse any day. But I will try him." So the Conversano was led back to his stable in the town, and the saddle and bridle were put upon the Andalusian. The general handed a whip to Ciro, saying, "*Andate, andate! presto, presto!*" and off he went, tearing along the road till he reached the turn to Brindisi. Some of the officers looked at one another significantly, but only for a few moments. Ciro reappeared, at full speed, and was soon among them again, loudly declaring that he preferred Conversano as a riding-horse a thousand times.

"Bah! bah!" answered General Ottavio, "any one can see that the Andalusian is the swifter of the two; you are prejudiced, *signore abate*, because the race of Conversano is the glory of Apulia. The chestnut is a little fat and lazy, that's all. You should have made more use of the whip!"

"Whip, your Excellency? There was no need of a whip! I rather needed a second pair of arms," said Don Ciro, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "The brute! *Madonna mia*, but he has nearly pulled my arms out of their sockets!" and he dismounted with apparent difficulty, rubbing the said arms, and muttering that the horse must be surely possessed by the devil, and that he should not be able to mount again for a month at least, at which his Excellency and the officers laughed uproariously.

So the Andalusian was led away, but General Ottavio was not satisfied. He was determined to have Don Ciro's opinion upon a thoroughbred English

mare, of a bright bay color, which he had just bought. "Come, Don Ciro," he said coaxingly, "what do you say to it? One turn more, just one little turn!"

"Impossible, your Excellency—really impossible; I am dead!"

"Come, *signore abate*, I must have you try the mare. Can it be the redoubtable Don Ciro Annichiarico, the first of horsemen, who refuses me?"

"Pardon me, your Excellency. I am not the man I was. In truth, you must excuse me."

"One more trial, my friend. Only one more! She has cost me two hundred English guineas, hard cash, and I have set my heart on having your opinion."

Very reluctantly Don Ciro allowed himself to be persuaded, rubbing his aching arms, and after a short turn, begging to be allowed to dismount; but yielding to renewed entreaties, he took off his hat, bowed low, and saying, "At your Excellency's commands," was soon flying along the road, followed by the cheers of the spectators. Soon he had turned the corner of the road that led to Brindisi. Is it necessary to add that General Ottavio never saw his English mare again?

He did see Don Ciro once again, however, and it was on this wise. He was still in charge of the district, and was making some attempt to pursue some brigands. One day he was placidly walking in his garden alone when a man, armed at all points, sprang over the wall and confronted him. It was Ciro Annichiarico. "You and I have met before," he said; "you remember me, general? Pray don't be frightened. Your life is in my hands, but I will let you off this once for old acquaintance' sake. Only remember that I shall not be so lenient another time, and leave off hunting after me in this furious fashion! *Addio!* A thousand greetings. *Addio!*" and so saying he leapt back over the wall and disappeared, and we may be sure that General Ottavio took the hint!

When he was on his trial, Don Ciro was asked how many murders he had

committed. "*Chi lo sa?*" he answered coolly. "Sixty or seventy, perhaps!" One of these murders made a special impression on General Church. He not only relates the circumstances at length, but refers to it again and again. No wonder it *did* make an impression not to be effaced on the mind of the chivalrous, kindly Englishman!

The old feudal castle of Martano, he says, stands above the picturesque little town of the same name, and overlooks a magnificent view. There, across the blue waves, you see the opposite coast, and the Albanian mountains beyond, while nearer at hand stretch green plain, olive woods, vineyards, as far as Otranto, fourteen miles away. This old castle belonged to the Princess of Martano, a beautiful orphan girl some twenty years of age, sole mistress of great wealth and fair estates, dwelling amongst her own people, in the home of her ancestors, adored by those around her, fair and innocent, happy and fearless—why should she be otherwise?

Many suitors had she, but to none of them had she a word to say, laughingly declaring that the care of her own people, the company of her little cousin (an orphan boy of seven or eight years old), the kind guidance of her old chaplain and of her duenna—both distantly related to her and both devoted to her—filled up all her time and thoughts, and she wished for nothing more.

The houses of the town of Martano were scattered irregularly up and down, with very little in the way of a street, being mostly detached and surrounded by gardens. A steep road led up to the castle, which stood at some distance from the town, and apart from all other buildings.

One dark December night—it was in the year 1814—the inhabitants of the castle of Martano bade each other the usual *felice notte*, the old steward locked and barred the great gates according to custom (for though the moat was filled up and the ramparts had crumbled away, the walled courtyard and great portals remained), and all went peacefully to bed. The young princess had dismissed her maid and was preparing

to go to rest, when there was a knock at the door of her apartment, and her duenna entered.

"You are not asleep, dear child? Well, so much the better; for you must dress yourself and come down to receive his Excellency the commandant of the province. The poor gentleman has been belated on his way to Otranto, and begs your hospitality. Will you come?"

"Surely yes, *cara mia*," the young girl answered. "Send Lucia to me, and I will follow you immediately."

"For," says General Church, "such is the hospitality of the nobles and gentry, and indeed of all the inhabitants of Apulia, that, arrive at their houses at what hour you will, you are sure of a welcome, and most likely the master of the house will himself come down to receive you." So, as a natural thing, the princess prepared to come down and receive her guest.

Alas! it was no belated traveller who knocked at the castle gate that night; but Don Ciro, with a band of forty or fifty ruffians, giving the name of the commandant of the province, and excusing his late arrival by the darkness of the night, the inclemency of the weather, the disturbed state of the country, the distance to Otranto. He was readily admitted; the old steward, as he drew back the ponderous bolts, calling the sleepy servants to make haste and fetch light, and summon the princess. His orders were cheerfully obeyed; the serving-men hastened down the wide stone staircase, some bringing torches, some flinging logs on the smouldering hearth, some hurrying to fetch food and wine, all anxious to show respect to the commandant. No sooner had the gates been opened than a clatter of horse-hoofs was heard, and a band of armed men rode into the courtyard. Some remained on horseback to guard the castle door, some dismounted and followed their leader as he pushed his way into the hall.

There was no possibility of resistance, no time to raise an alarm even; the old steward was stabbed as he stepped forward, hospitably anxious to

greet the unexpected guests; the torches were seized from the hands of the servants with one hand, while the other dealt the death-blow; their bodies were flung into the courtyard, while the murderers rushed through the house, killing and plundering. The white-haired chaplain, the old lady, the servants—male and female—none were spared. As for the fair young princess—

She was in her own room chatting gaily with her maids, as she prepared to go down-stairs and receive the commandant. The noise of footsteps on the stairs, a certain bustle and movement, attracted the attention of one of her attendants, and she went out into the passage to see what it was about. At the head of the stairs she was met by an armed man. Terrified, she gasped out, "What are your commands, signore?"

"Is that the princess's door?"

"Yes—what do you want?"

"Nothing."

There was a shriek, and the poor woman fell to the ground pierced by a dagger, while Don Ciro rushed past her and burst into the room where the princess stood, white and trembling, yet commanding herself bravely as became one of her birth and breeding, giving no way to tears or entreaties, and answering Ciro's curt salutation with gentle, youthful dignity. The colloquy was a short one.

"Princess, we know that you have a large sum of money in the house. Where is it?"

"In yonder iron chest."

"Where are the keys?"

"On the table by the chimneypiece."

"Where are your jewels?"

"In the small box on that table."

"Have you any others?"

"Not in the house."

"Very well. Allow me to examine them."

He unlocked and opened the chest, which contained thirty-six thousand gold ducats, his eyes taking a red glow as he ran the coins through his greedy fingers; then he opened the jewel-box, and took out pearls and diamonds and

rubies, sparkling rings and golden bracelets, which had adorned many a fair and noble dame of ages past; and then — it is horrible to relate, but it is true — crying fiercely, "Philosophers tell us that dead dogs can't bite," he stabbed both the princess and her maid with his poniard.

Meanwhile the rest of his band had finished their share in the bloody work, and fetching food and wine, and stirring the smouldering logs to a blaze, they feasted gaily in the hall stained with the blood of their victims, and quaffed huge draughts of wine to the health of *la bella Principessa*.

After a time Don Ciro gave the word to depart, and after some disputing over the division of the spoil, they all rode away, setting fire to the furniture in the great hall, and carefully shutting the courtyard gates behind them, that casual passers-by might not suspect that anything was wrong within.

But there had been a witness of the foul deed, though they little guessed it.

The boy who has been mentioned, the hapless princess's little cousin and playfellow, had been awakened by the dying shriek of the attendant. His room opened within that of the princess, and he ran into her chamber for explanation and protection, just as Ciro himself burst open the door. The little fellow, in an agony of terror, crept under a table which was covered with a heavy cloth, deeply fringed with silk and gold, and there he lay, unperceived, a horror-struck witness of the scene.

How long he lay there he could not tell, but at last he was roused from his stupor of terror by the choking smoke which began to pervade the apartment. With shaking limbs and chattering teeth, not daring to turn his eyes to the white heap which lay, so strangely still, upon the floor, the poor little fellow crept out of his hiding-place, and wandered from one silent room to another, too frightened to go down-stairs, until he reached a window which was sufficiently near the ground to enable him to drop down into the garden; then, stumbling through the darkness, he climbed

a low wall, and found his way down steep and stony pathways to the house of the *sindaco* of Martano, just as the grey winter's dawn was beginning to rouse the inhabitants from their slumbers. Breathless and trembling, the child could only explain that something terrible had happened up there, at the castle; and the alarm being given, the townsfolk, headed by the *sindaco*, rushed to the castle gates, which stood shut, and apparently just as usual.

But they yielded to a push, and flew apart, and then — ah, what a ghastly sight met the eyes of those who entered and passed into the great hall! There seemed nothing to be done save to bury the dead bodies and extinguish the fire. Every one knew whose that dark night's work had been. Every one had loved the fair young princess, and would have gladly seen her murderer brought to justice. The little boy was able to give a description of Don Ciro, and a full account of all that had taken place; among the heaps of corpses on the floor one manservant and the woman who had first spoken to the *abate* still breathed, and being taken to the town and carefully tended, lived long enough to sign a deposition before the magistrates. But there the matter ended. Ciro Annichiarico had so surrounded himself with the reputation of a magician that the people dared not even curse him aloud, lest his familiar spirits should carry him a report of what was said!

We are told that "Ciro's activity was as astonishing as his artifice and intrepidity; and as he was always extremely well mounted, and found concealment and support everywhere, through fear or inclination, he succeeded in escaping from the soldiers repeatedly, even when confidential spies had discovered his place of concealment only a few hours before. This singular good fortune acquired for him the character of a magician, and he neglected nothing that could confirm this idea."

Ciro's ambition was to be the acknowledged head of all the secret societies in Apulia. In the month of December, 1817, there were said to be seventy thousand sectaries in the prov-

ince of Lecce alone, and *Ciro* was attempting to gather all to a meeting, and to get them to make common cause against the king's troops; for he thought in this way they might get good terms with the Neapolitan government. He was all the more eager to persuade other chiefs of banditti to join his party, because he knew there was very little hope of pardon for himself unless he could appear as the head of the great body of secret societies.

He had two meetings with *Don Gaetano*, the chief of the *Vardarelli*; but they did not come to terms, and finally he determined to go his own way, and take the field with his own band against the English general, who was now in command of *Apulia*.

Meanwhile General Church had been marching up and down the provinces, fixing his headquarters sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; sometimes welcomed, more often met with sullen apathy; keeping his men under strict discipline, and proclaiming peace and safety to all who would help him in establishing order and putting down murder, robbery, and lawlessness. Reports came in daily. *Ciro* had been seen here, heard of there. One officer of *gendarmeria* had talked to him for half an hour; another had heard at *Ostuni* that *Ciro* had slept in the adjoining house a day before. Let us take a look at General Church as he sits in his room at *Lecce* studying the map of the province with his chief of the staff, Colonel *Schmerber*. They have stuck red pins into the loyal places, and black into those which are disaffected. The general has determined that the three towns of *Grottaglia*, *Francavilla*, and *San Marzano* shall be the centre towards which all his lines shall converge, so that his columns should all draw closer and closer till *Ciro* was fast caught, as in the middle of a net. This having been explained, the general throws himself back in his chair, rubbing his hands, and says, "*Schmerber*, my friend, *Ciro* is moving against us."

"Impossible, general. You are joking," was the reply.

"Not a bit of it; read for yourself," handing him a letter. "You see the black flag is hoisted. In fact, *Don *Ciro** has been so considerate as to warn me that if I don't withdraw my men he must go to war with me in earnest, in which case one of us must die, and that one will not be *Ciro Annichiarico*!"

"Very good, general. We are quite ready for him."

"And, if you will believe it, *Schmerber*, the scoundrel offers me his friendship and protection if I will go away and let him alone! He has published a manifesto, declaring that he is fighting for liberty, especially reminding the *gendarmes* that they are mostly *Carbonari*, and therefore brethren."

"No fear of the *gendarmes*, general. They are devoted to you."

The general took up his map again. "*Bentz* and his battalion must march at once to *Brindisi*—that place is only kept in order by the garrison in the castle. *Corsi* to *Gioja*; *Francia* to *Taranto*; *Bianchi* to *Ostuni*. *Fusco* says *Francavilla* is all for *Ciro*, and our men are insulted in the streets. Well, I shall be there before long. Shall I tell you a piece of news, *Schmerber*? *Vito del Serio* is going to be married!"

"What the devil does that matter to us?"

"For once in your life, my friend, you are wrong. It matters so much, that if I cannot have the pleasure of assisting at the ceremony, I shall certainly send representatives. Oh, it will be a grand affair, I assure you. Read this."

The paper which General Church held out contained the news that *Don *Ciro** was intending to make the marriage of one of his chief officers the pretext of a great gathering of the brigands throughout the country, and the signal of a general rising.

"This will be our opportunity, *Schmerber*, our crisis," cried the general. "Now, do you see? If we succeed here, the campaign is finished. *Ciro* has not done much against us as yet."

"He has tried one or two things," said *Schmerber*. "There was that dash

on Brindisi, in hopes of freeing the galley-slaves, but the cavalry met him a mile outside the walls, and our gentleman had no mind to come to close quarters ; so off he goes to Gallipoli, and as he met with the same reception there, he thought it best to retire and lie quiet for a while."

"We are not a day too soon or a day too late," exclaimed the general, pacing the room eagerly. "Send off the officers to their different posts. We could not have better news, Schmierber !"

That evening the general gave a farewell dinner to his friends at Lecce, preparatory to leaving the pleasant little town and taking the field against Don Ciro. There were loyal and complimentary toasts drunk, and then the general called upon his guests to drink to the downfall of Ciro Annichiarico, the curse of Apulia.

No one ventured to refuse ; some heartily applauded ; some agreed that it was well said, but, with shakings of the head and doubtful looks, asked how the thing was to be done ? Ciro's name had been so long a terror to the land, the people dared not say a word ; eighteen years' practice had made him perfect in the trade of an assassin. No one else was safe while he lived. But when General Church replied, "Well, gentlemen, have it your own way. Either act with me, heart and soul, or withdraw to your own houses, and keep out of it altogether. For my own part, I swear never to rest till I have destroyed the scoundrel Ciro Annichiarico and all his bloodhounds !" "I will ride with you !" cried one. "And I !" "And I !" "And I !" they said, catching the fire from each other ; while a worthy lawyer—a great friend of the general's—declared with a laugh, that though he was too fat to ride, and had a distinct dislike to the neighborhood of musket-balls, he would put his unwieldy body into a carriage and go from place to place to exhort others to join in the good cause.

And now let us turn to San Marzano and Vito del Serio.

A mountain village, straggling up and

down amongst crags and walls, the houses jumbled among patches of olives, wherever there was a little bit of flat ground. At the top of all a castle, and below the village a belt of woods. Altogether a capital place for defence and therefore a favorite haunt for banditti at all times ; and the people, who were an Albanian colony of old time, were wild and rugged, and bore a bad character as favoring Don Ciro and his band.

The wedding day had arrived, and the little town swarmed with guests armed to the teeth. The bride, a strapping *brigandessa*, did not depend on her splendid costume, bright eyes, and straight, black brows entirely for her conquests apparently. She was also armed with carbine and stiletto, and her hands and arms looked as if she were as capable of using them as was the bridegroom himself. She was lodged in the castle, which belonged to a certain Marchese Bonelli, whose agent, in fear of his own life, surrendered the keys, and placed the good wine at the disposal of his uninvited guests. The farms and houses around had been requisitioned, and right royally the brigands feasted in the castle hall, joined by most of the inhabitants, some from fear, some inspired by the eloquent harangues delivered, glass in hand, by Vito del Serio and his charming bride. As the day grew on, their courage grew, too. The wine flowed freely, the people gathered round and swore fidelity to Ciro and the Decisi with brimming glasses and ringing cheers. Then they swore to put down everything sacred on earth, and sealed the oath by rushing to the ramparts and discharging their muskets. And this was so delightful and inspiring that they shouted out decrees, ratifying each with a bumper and a volley. Death to the king !—to all kings and all rulers !—to all governments !—to the pope !—to *il Generale Giorgio* ! (Church) ; and this was taken up and repeated with shouts of "*Brindisi ! Brindisi ! a Brindisi !*" to the death of *il Generale Inglese* ! and a fresh rush to the battlements with shouts and firing of muskets, until, to relieve their

excitement the company called for a *tarantella*, the music struck up, and the dancing and drinking grew wilder and wilder, and the dancers were ready to defy the world!

Suddenly a bugle-call was heard in the direction of Francavilla. The dancing came to a sudden stop. Cheeks turned pale, eyes sought one another doubtfully. Vito del Serio ran to the top of the castle ramparts, and looked across the great green plain, dotted with white villages, and bounded by the Gulf of Taranto. He shaded his eyes from the low rays of the afternoon sun. "*Gli Albanesi!*" he cried (General Church's Greek soldiers were called *Albanesi* by the people), "they are coming! — but they are few." And then, after a pause, "No, no; fear nothing—they are taking another road;" and he descended from his post of observation. The dancing began again, but not with the same spirit as before, though the talk was brave enough. "*Gli Albanesi* are out of sight," said the revellers. "They are afraid of us; they have run away. Ah, we shall hear no more of them!" But in a few minutes the sound of a drum beating a march was heard, and there was a rush to the walls.

"What is it? What is it?"

"Nothing, nothing; only some soldiers going to Taranto. *Buon viaggio, signori!* there they go!"

"Where, where?"

"Over there. See — a small column; few, very few. They are marching towards the sea. Who's afraid?"

No one, of course. Yet they ceased the attempt to resume dancing, and hung together in groups; and Don Ciro marshalled his men to their appointed posts, some to the flat roofs of the houses, some to the walls, some to the top of the castle. The inhabitants, too, were provided with arms and ammunition, and took their places as they were directed. There was a shot in the wood which lies about the feet of the little town; another, another; then half-a-dozen in quick succession. "To arms, friends and brothers!" cried Ciro Anichiarico and his officers. "They are

coming! Courage, brothers, courage!" They were coming indeed; for at that moment the winter sunlight shone among the trees on the black-plumed helmets of the cavalry, slowly descending the opposite hill, and the shots in the wood told of a skirmish between the brigand outposts and the gendarmerie.

There was some sharp fighting, and the broken ground made it impossible for the cavalry to get to close quarters; but a body of infantry under Major Francia was just behind, and rushing on, with fixed bayonets, they carried the place in spite of a galling fire. Many of the brigands fled, and were cut down by the Greeks and gendarmes who were posted in the wood outside San Marzano. Some hid in cellars, and were dragged forth and delivered up by their quondam friends. The bride and bridegroom were amongst these.

The soldiers were for taking summary vengeance on the villagers by burning the place to the ground, but this the officers would not allow; so the captive brigands were bound and marched off to Francavilla, where the general had now taken up his headquarters, and the inhabitants of the place showered curses upon them, and loudly protested their devoted friendship for the government. As to firing on the troops, or in any way assisting Don Ciro, heaven forbid that they should do such a thing! But the old soldiers smiled grimly, and pointed to hands grimed with gunpowder, and mouths black from biting cartridges — evident tokens that the people had joined in the fight; and some forty stout fellows were marched up to the castle, there to remain prisoners till General Church's pleasure should be known. In San Marzano the troops captured one hundred and thirty horses belonging to Ciro's followers, over two thousand firelocks, and several hundreds of pistols and stiletos.

And what had become of Don Ciro?

He had escaped on his famous English mare, and no trace of him was to be found. But a few nights later a certain Don Giacomo di Montenegro, was sitting over the fire, in his own home, in the outskirts of Brindisi, a

cigar in his mouth, and a white nightcap on his head, peacefully ruminating, when he heard behind him the sound of stealthy footsteps, and turning his head, beheld a man, wrapped in a long cloak, approaching him on tiptoe. To his horror he recognized the chief of the Decisi. "Don Ciro!" The cigar fell from the poor old gentleman's fingers.

"Yes, it is I, Ciro Annichiarico," was the reply—"I, and no other, and I have not time for compliments. You must help me to escape from my persecutors one way or another, or you will repent it. Hide me in your house, or find a vessel to put me across seas, I care not where—Tunis, Tripoli, Constantinople—anywhere beyond the power of this infernal Englishman! Here are two hundred ducats wherewith to charter a vessel, and I think you will hardly refuse Ciro Annichiarico."

A week earlier it would have been doubtless difficult to refuse such a request, but the taking of San Marzano, and the capture made at Grottaglia immediately after of ten of Ciro's chief officers, had put things in quite a new light. Ciro must have been astonished when the old gentleman rose, and, taking off the nightcap, faced the unbidden guest with a certain dignity and determination. "Don Ciro," he said, "I cannot protect you. I refuse your money, and despise your threats."

Ciro glared on him like a wild beast, trembling with rage at this unexpected check. "You refuse *me*? You despise *my* threats? Then look to yourself, for by —"

"Gently, *signore*, gently. I have no vessel to place at your disposal in the first place; and I could not hide you if I would, because my house is full of soldiers, and I am expecting the English general and his staff every moment. Just take the trouble to peep into the next room, and you will see the table prepared for supper. Hark, here they come!" Sure enough, the clatter of horse-hoofs was heard in the courtyard. "Fly!" cried Don Giacomo; "fly, or you are lost!"

"Where can I fly?" answered Don

Ciro bitterly. "Those confounded soldiers are everywhere."

"There, go in there." Don Giacomo pointed to a small door. "Bolt yourself in, and don't answer till you hear me say *Il vento è buono*"—and he dashed off to receive his guests. They proved to be some of the staff, and glad were they to find a roaring fire, and supper ready to be served up.

"But the general? where was he? Should the supper wait his arrival?"

"Oh, no, by no means. He would arrive in an hour's time, and it would be a pity Don Giacomo's good things should be spoilt; and as to our general, he is related to those creatures who live on air!"

So the officers were shown to their rooms, and then sat down gaily to supper, and then Don Giacomo was able to return to his prisoner, who opened the door at the given signal, asking eagerly, "Is all well?"

"No, very ill," was the reply, "and the sooner you leave this house the better. Understand that I cannot protect you, and would not if I could."

"You say that to me! Take care!" And Ciro laid his hand on his dagger.

"Listen to me, *signore abate*. This Englishman has trusted me, and I will not betray his confidence. He was my friend once, years ago. No, it is no use putting your hand to your dagger. Of course you can kill me, but you can't get out of this house without my help. Look out of the window if you doubt it."

Don Ciro took three strides across the room, and looked down into the great courtyard. Armed and mounted sentinels guarded the gates, tall grenadiers paced the court or stood about in groups, officers and orderlies passed to and fro. All were armed, all alert—all on the watch for *him*! Ciro's hand was lifted, and then fell to his side with a gesture of despair. "Traitor!" he muttered through his set teeth.

"Not so, Don Ciro; I should be a traitor if I broke faith with the general."

"You mean to deliver me up to him?"

"Not that either, *signore*. You shall

get out of this house and out of Brindisi safe and sound for me. After that I wash my hands of you, and you must trust to your own devices, which have got you out of many a worse scrape ere this."

"You shall pay for this!" muttered the baffled villain under his breath.

But Don Giacomo heard him, and with a shrug of the shoulders and outward spreading of the palms, "Don't threaten, please," said he. "The house is full of soldiers, you know, and a word from me—but I am a peaceable man, and you are wise. Only I don't choose to be insulted in my own house."

"Well, well, one must submit to fate," growled Don Ciro; "but in truth I am tired of this life."

"Truly you would do well to take to an honest one," answered Don Giacomo sententiously. "Perhaps you might get a pardon as others have done."

"I get a pardon? No chance of that. This confounded general has sworn my destruction."

"How do you know that, Don Ciro?"

"He said it at Lecce, at his own dinner-table. It was reported to me by one who was there, word for word. Not that I care a fig about dying; but when I think of that man my blood freezes! Fifty plots have I laid against him, and all have failed. Oh, I have seen him! A little man, two inches shorter than I, and too young for a general. But he rides well, and he has an eye! I went to the theatre at Lecce on purpose to see him. I have tried to gain over his soldiers, but to no purpose. Even the gendarmes, half of whom are *Carbonari*, are my bitter foes now that this Englishman has come into Apulia. Did not they lead the attack at San Marzano? *Carbonari*, *Calderari*—the names go for nothing—they all forget their differences to run after his pleasure! Did he not have the whole *Decisione* seized at Grottaglia, in their own council-chamber? Ay, and he got his information from Grottaglia itself, my own town. And now you, you yourself, Don Giacomo, are against me, and for him, the Englishman!"

"Come, Don Ciro; no use wasting time in words. Look here;" and he flung a bundle on the ground. "These clothes belong to my sister. Dress yourself in them, and put your own into this bag. I will be back directly."

He went to receive General Church, who was at that moment riding into the courtyard, and having seen him safe in the room prepared for him, returned accompanied by a little boy.

"Carlo, attend!" said Don Giacomo, putting his hand on the child's shoulder. "Look at me, and not at the signora, Carlo."

"*Si, signore*," said the boy, stealing a wistful and wondering glance at the figure in female habiliments, the face muffled with veil and kerchief.

"Take the signora's bundle, *Carlo mio*—that is right—and conduct her to the shore, and set her across the harbor to the back of the castle. Do you understand?"

"*Si, si, signore*."

"And when you have landed her, come back quick—and do just what the signora bids you."

"*Signore, si, si*," cried the urchin, shouldering his bundle, in a hurry to be off.

"And mind you don't speak to any one, Carlo. *Addio, signora. Felice notte e buon viaggio*," and Ciro and his little guide departed.

They passed through a long gallery purposely but dimly lighted, and were scarcely noticed by the officers who stood talking in groups; they descended the staircase and crossed the great hall unchallenged, though some curious glances and laughing remarks followed the passage of the muffled female and her little guide. Just as they reached the door, they nearly ran into a tall young captain of hussars just entering, and he exclaimed, "Holloa, my dear! don't be frightened. I've a mind to see what kind of a face is hidden under that hood;" but luckily for Don Ciro, Colonel Bentz was within earshot, and took up his young friend pretty sharply.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. What business is it of yours if the girl is handsome or plain? Any woman

belonging to this house is to be treated with respect."

"All right, colonel," answered the young man good-humoredly. "I was only joking."

"Some petitioner to the general—some *contrabbandista*," suggested another.

"Upon my word!" said another, "did you see her eyes? I caught a look, and thought such eyes only belonged to *Cirol* or the devil!"

"You young fool," answered Colonel Bentz, with a laugh, in which the rest joined, "you see Don *Cirol* everywhere. You must be precious afraid of him. Fancy looking for him in Don *Giacomo's* house!"

And while the discussion was going on, *Cirol* had slipped past, crossed the court, answered the challenge of the sentinels, and in due time had been rowed across the harbor, and deposited at the foot of the castle. The little boy returned to Don *Giacomo*, and reported that the *signora donna* had shaken her fist and poured forth *mille maledizioni* as she sprang ashore, and added shrewdly, "For my part, signore, I don't believe that the *signora donna* is a *signora donna* at all."

Then Don *Giacomo* went up-stairs to the general's room and told him the whole story, winding up with, "And now—I can only throw myself on your Excellency's friendship for *Giacomo di Montenegro*."

General Church had listened without a word of interruption. Now he looked up, and there was a comical twinkle in his eye. "Do you think I am angry with you, old friend, for letting the scoundrel go? Not a bit of it! How could you give him up, when you had passed your word? If you had been capable of such a thing you would be no friend of mine."

Happy Don *Giacomo*! Before General Church knew what was coming, his hand was seized and repeatedly kissed.

"Well, well," said the general, "pray let's say no more about it. It would be awkward for us both if the story got abroad."

"I am well aware of that so far as I am concerned. But, your Excellency, I have still a favor to ask—for the honor of my house."

"I guess your meaning, my friend. How long will it take to get twenty miles from Brindisi?"

"Four or five hours."

"Then don't let us say another word about Don *Cirol* till daybreak. That will give the fellow rope enough, I think!"

One cannot help fancying that it must have been with a certain shamefacedness that the quixotic general told the story next morning to his trusty chief of the staff, who dryly remarked in reply, that by this time *Cirol* was probably off to the mountains. To which General Church retorted that *Cirol* was certainly gone to his own town of *Grottaglia*, which he would think all the safer because of the general's foray lately made there.

So now, some days were spent in riding about the country from place to place, wherever any trace of the chief of assassins was to be heard of. In the saddle at daybreak, with no refreshment but a cup of coffee and a biscuit, off to this village or that *masseria*, visiting outposts, questioning peasants, and back after thirty or forty miles' ride to *Francavilla* to dine, and then snatch a couple of hours' sleep on a sofa, booted and spurred, and wrapped in his long cloak. Once as he rode with his troops, accompanied by some gentlemen of the province, along a deep-cut lane, leading to *Grottaglia*, *Cirol* himself was hidden among the bushes above him; so close was he that by stooping he could have touched the general's plume! and he was raising his carbine to fire, when the sudden appearance of some soldiers in the high field where the brigands were concealed forced them to mount and dash away for dear life. Meanwhile General Church rode through the lane below, chatting cheerfully, and unaware of the nearness of his foe. *Grottaglia* was reached, and the soldiers passed through silent and deserted streets. Not a woman looked forth from her window to see the troops ride

by; if a man appeared, he averted his face and hurried by without look or greeting. But just as they rode through the gates of the rebellious little town, a venerable-looking, white-bearded old monk met them. Throwing back his hood, he gazed earnestly on the martial array, then raising his hands, he solemnly invoked a blessing from heaven on the leader and his men.

"Thanks, many thanks, good father," said General Church, saluting the old monk respectfully. "Thanks all the more because yours is the only salutation I have met with since I entered the city of Grottaglia."

Soon after this General Church appeared before San Marzano. Out came the people to meet him, the *sindaco*, the clergy in their robes, the women carrying olive-branches. There was an ovation of welcome to the deliverer, and protestations of joy at the defeat of the brigands, and of hope for *Cirotto's* overthrow—to all which the general answered never a word, but sat like a statue, surrounded by his officers, apparently absorbed in his own contemplations. The *sindaco* implored him to enter the city, where a feast was prepared for him. Still no reply. The women (and this was the trying part of the business, says the general pathetically, for many were handsome and graceful, and of respectable families!) knelt before him with waving of olive-branches and frantic cries of *Misericordia! Pieta!* Still he hardened his heart, requested the fair dames and damsels to rise, and turning to the *sindaco*, said that he would not enter San Marzano in peaceful wise till it had made up for its late bad behavior. As to the priests, who came forward in their turn, he would have nothing to say to them. It was their duty to teach the people obedience to the law, peace, and charity; whereas the conduct of San Marzano showed that the people had been very ill taught indeed. "I will never enter your town," he said, "till you have wiped away the disgrace of having fought against the king's troops. I give you five days wherein to find Don *Cirotto*, or put me in the way

of finding him. If you do not do this, San Marzano shall be burnt to the ground. You may send away your women and children, but not a man of you will leave this place without a permit from me or one of my officers, on pain of being sent for trial to the military commission at Francavilla." And he rode away.

Three days later, General Church reached Ostuni after a forty miles' ride, and having made arrangements for the following day, dismissed Colonel Schmerber and the aides-de-camp for a few hours of much-needed rest. But there was to be no sleep for them that night. The general had just wrapped his military cloak around him, when far away, through the silence of the winter night, only broken by the *Qui vive?* of the sentinel at the gate, he heard the ringing of horses' feet. He threw open the window. Surely that was in the direction of Francavilla? Truly the rider rode fast, and came nearer and nearer; now he stopped at the gate of Ostuni, for that was the sentinel's challenge. Then came the clattering hoofs, full gallop, along the narrow little paved street; he drew rein at the courtyard of the general's quarters, and again there was the *Qui vive?* the pass-word, the unbarring of the great gates, the entrance within the court, the parley at the castle door. How long it seemed while the huge key was turning in the rusty lock, and the bars being pushed back, to let the messenger in! The general hurried from his room, and nearly fell into the arms of Colonel Schmerber, who rushed breathless up-stairs.

"A courier, general, a courier, from Francavilla! We've got him, general, we've got him; the devil has abandoned him at last!"

Close at his heels, covered with mud from head to foot, came the courier. "God fights for your Excellency, and *Cirotto* is fast in the net. Francia, Bianchi, Guarini, Corsi, send their congratulations. They salute your Excellency. Here is the despatch."

"Fusco, you shall choose the best horse that you can find for this!" and

as he spoke, the general broke the seals of the despatch, and read as follows :—

EXCELLENZA, — Don Ciro is in the tower of Scaserba, closely surrounded. He can't escape. He has killed and wounded several of our men. The troops are enthusiastic, the militia behave well. The volunteers were the first to discover him. He defends himself desperately. Your arrival will finish the business, if it is not finished before. The troops of Francia, Corsi, Bianchi, surround Scaserba, while the guns threaten Grottaglia; but even that town is for us now. The road is too bad to bring the guns here.

GUARINI.

"Montez, montez, messieurs!" cried the general, all fatigue forgotten. "For you, Fusco, eat, drink, sleep, and then join me at Scaserba."

"Heaven forbid, your Excellency! I need nothing but a fresh horse;" and in a few minutes they were riding full speed through the sleeping town, leaving for the master of the house the following note, written by the general on a scrap of paper: "The *abate* is in the net. Pray God for a happy ending to our enterprise."

On they dashed, through grey olive woods and leafless vineyards, under the rocky heights of Cisternita, past the fortified *masserie* that are scattered round the Monte di Martina, drawing rein for the first time as day was breaking, at the top of a ridge, whence they saw stretching below them the wide plain, dotted with white towns and towers, and among them the tower of Scaserba. Not a word had been spoken since they left Ostuni, and Schmerber broke the silence by saying, "This time, general, we have him fast!"

"We shall see, *mon cher*," was the answer; "seeing is believing! Spur on! Forward, gentlemen!"

On, on, across the plain, till they neared the tower. Peaceful it lay, in the misty sunshine of the February morning; no sound or sight of war broke the stillness. They accosted some peasants, and heard that the siege was over, and Ciro a prisoner. As they reached Grottaglia the news was confirmed by seeing that the camp outside

the city, with its two cannon set to overawe the place, had been taken away. So they were late for the finish, after all!

We must go back a little to give the account of the siege and Ciro's capture. "The *masserie* or farmhouses of Apulia," we are told, "are all built on the same plan, and capable of defence. They date from the period when the incursions of pirates were frequent, and the people shut themselves up with their cattle and valuables when an attack was apprehended. A square solid wall surrounds the dwelling-house, which is built on one side of the enclosure, and contains two or three rooms. The stables and outhouses form a right angle to the dwelling-house, also within this wall. A tower of two stories stands apart, and is ascended by stone steps, or by a ladder or draw-bridge." "Ciro, worn out with fatigue, took refuge with a few companions in the *Masseria di Scaserba*. He had previously provided it with provisions and ammunition. When he saw the militia of San Marzano searching for him he was not alarmed, thinking he could easily cut his way through them. He shot the first man dead who came within his range. The militia of San Marzano sent information of his presence to the nearest troops, and Ciro found himself surrounded. Seeing that a vigorous assault was intended, he locked up the people of the *masseria* in their straw-magazine, and mounted the tower with his companions." A very few well-armed men could hold the tower against hundreds, and the brigands defended themselves vigorously till nightfall. Ciro tried to escape in the darkness, but the neighing of a horse apprised him that reinforcements of cavalry had arrived, whose pursuit it would be hopeless to elude; so he returned, having killed one of the *vol-tigeurs* stationed under the wall from which he had meant to descend. He shut himself up again in his tower, and spent the rest of the night in making cartridges.

At daybreak the besiegers tried to break open or burn the gates of the

masseria, but the besieged repulsed them with a rapid and well-directed fire, killing and wounding several assailants. Then a four-pounder was pointed against the roof of the tower, and the tiles and bricks came rattling down, forcing the brigands to descend to the lower story. Worn out with fatigue, tormented by burning thirst, *Ciro* called a parley. Upon this the troops ceased firing, and *Bianchi* came forward. *Ciro* showed himself at the door of the tower.

"Good-morning, gentlemen. I wish to speak with the general."

"Impossible, *Don* *Ciro*."

"But I am willing to treat with him! What kind of a man is this, who refuses to speak with me? — with *me*, *Ciro* *Anichiarico*!"

"Not even with you, *Don* *Ciro*."

"I have had the honor of speaking with many generals — and I have many things to say to *Generale* *Giorgio*."

"That may be, *Don* *Ciro*."

"But I wish to treat with him, I tell you. Good heavens! what a man is this, who refuses to see me!" He stood there, a wild figure, his eyes glaring fiercely from his powder-grimed face, showing his teeth like a wild beast, and trembling with rage — then, "Water, water!" he gasped, "for the love of God, let me have a drop of water!"

Bianchi signed to a soldier, who ran forward with a pitcher. *Ciro* drank greedily, and would have handed it back.

"Give the rest to your comrades," said *Bianchi*; "and now, *Don* *Ciro*, defend yourself as long as you choose, but you can't escape. We don't care if we have the tower to-day or to-morrow, but have it we will."

"We are rich, *signore maggiore*; those who serve us are wise!"

It was an unlucky speech to make to one of *General* *Church*'s officers, and *Bianchi*'s wrath blazed out. "Rascal, assassin," he shouted, "get back to your tower! The parley is at an end."

With a curse *Don* *Ciro* withdrew, and as he did so a rattling fire came from the loop-holes of the tower, killing two

voltigeurs who were standing incautiously exposed.

The firing went on till evening, and then another parley was called. *Ciro* appeared again at the head of his ladder.

"Conduct me to the general, then."

"Only as a prisoner, *Don* *Ciro*."

"So be it, then;" and ordering his men to cease firing and lower the draw-bridge, he crossed it rapidly, and in another moment was disarmed and bound. On being searched they found on him several amulets, some French songs, and a red pocket-book which contained a packet of poison, and his diploma as chief of the *Decisi*. It seems strange that, knowing his certain fate, he had not courage at last to "end all" by self-destruction.

Soon the whole band of brigands, strongly fettered and closely guarded, were on their march to *Francavilla*. *Ciro* kept a gloomy silence all the way, except once, when he suddenly broke out, rolling his eyes and gnashing his teeth. "For eighteen years I have been absolute master of the province. I have made fools of many generals — French, Italian, Swiss, German, Neapolitan — and now at last I have been made a fool of by this accursed Englishman!" After this he did not again open his lips till he and his escort reached *Francavilla*.

Francavilla was illuminated that night — not for joy at the capture, but because the soldiers were few and the disaffected many, and it was safer that no corners should be left in darkness. So, by military order, every house and street and square blazed with light. The houses opposite the prison were occupied by soldiers, four gendarmes kept guard in the room where the fallen chief of the assassins lay, four hussars kept the door, cavalry patrolled the street outside, and very glad and thankful were his captors to hand over their prey to the general when he arrived early in the morning.

Both the civil and military authorities would have had *Ciro* put to death then and there as an outlaw; but "No," said *General* *Church*. "I am quite aware that he is beyond the pale of the

law, but he shall have a fair trial for all that. Oh yes, I dare say he has been tried and convicted a dozen times, but his friends shall not say we don't dare bring him to justice publicly, or that we fear a rescue." So *Ciro Annichiarico* was arraigned for his crimes, according to the usual forms. When he was first brought in he made a speech, which he addressed, as he thought, to General Church. Being told that the general was not present, and refused a private interview with him, "*Ho capito*" (I understand), he said, and from that time, all through his trial, never answered a question or spoke a word.

On the 8th of February, 1818, he was led to his death through the streets of Francavilla, which were crowded with spectators, as were the roofs and windows too. The church bells tolled, the black coffin was carried along, preceding the criminal, who walked between two files of soldiers, carrying himself with an air of haughty defiance, and turning scornfully from the Mission priests, who followed, anxious to call some feeling of repentance to this hardened soul. The piazza was filled with troops and guarded by cannon. In the centre waved the banner of the *Decisi*—black, with the insignia of death's-head and cross-bones—and close beside it stood a row of soldiers, carbine in hand. *Ciro* took his place, asking for wine-and-water, which was given him, and then turning to the priests with a snarl. "Away!" he said. "Am I not a priest? am I not the Abate *Annichiarico*, and your superior?" and to one kindly old priest, who, holding out the crucifix, begged him at least to give one sign of penitence, he added, pushing away the sacred sign with an impatient gesture, "Come, these fellows would as soon shoot you as me—so be off."

The crowd looked on in shuddering silence; then there was a murmur, "It is he—truly it is *Don* *Ciro*;" but there was no thought of a rescue, the people were overawed. A soldier came forward to tie a white bandage over his eyes.

"Ah, bah!" he said, with something

of his usual swagger, "I will not die so; I will die like a soldier, my eyes open. Here is my breast—fire, my friends!"

"Not so, not so, villain!" cried the soldiers with one voice; "you shall die the death of a dog! You a soldier! Never, never! Murderer, prepare to die!"

These words rang loud and clear through the silence, and were taken up and repeated, first by two or three of the crowd, then swelling to a kind of groan—*Scelerato! assassino! maledetto!* reaching the ear on all sides. Then *Ciro's* courage forsook him; his head sank on his breast; passively he submitted to be blindfolded, knelt as he was desired to do, with his back to the file of soldiery. A blast from a trumpet, a volley of musketry, and he fell to the ground. But though twelve balls took effect, he still breathed, and a second volley was necessary to put an end to his sufferings. "As we perceived," said one of the soldiers, "that he was enchanted, we then loaded his own musket with a silver bullet, and thus destroyed the spell." In another moment his head was severed from his body and held up before the spectators with proclamation: "This is the head of the chief of assassins, *Ciro Annichiarico* of *Grottaglia*."

It was over. *Ciro* was dead. There was an awestruck silence, such as follows the crash of some tremendous thunder-peal. Then heads were lifted, some one in the crowd cried, "*E ben fatto!*" (Well done!), and the crisis was over. "*Evviva, evviva il Generale!* we are free, we are free!" cried the multitude, waving their hats, and pressing round with shouts of joy; while General Church, riding forward, addressed the crowd, thanking them for their loyalty, and exhorting them to show its sincerity by helping him to clear their beautiful *Apulia* from the robbers and murderers who had so long infested it.

The head of *Ciro* was carried to *Grottaglia*, and placed in an iron cage over the gate of the city.

E. M. CHURCH.

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AN APOLOGY FROM AGE TO YOUTH.

ON the outskirts of a certain western, or perhaps of an eastern, town, in a pretty old house in a pretty old garden, an old man lived for many years, and there he died not very long ago. He had an inherited fortune large enough to divide handsomely among his sons and daughters, three of whom lived with him till the day of his death. His way of life was frugal, though even the most thoughtless and luxury-loving of his children (the one who writes this) could not call it meagre. He had a reputation for cleverness, and wrote as well as read a great deal; though he never troubled us with his writings, nor were we very curious to know about them. His neighbors thought him eccentric, even the poorer ones with whom he was more familiar than with the rest; and his children thought him self-absorbed and stern. In his later years he lived in his library, so that one of his sons used to say that his face had come to look like a page from an old book, with worlds of fine meaning in it, but written in a forgotten language; and it is indeed the truth that, except in a cloister, a more studious, silent, pale face than his is rarely seen.

Much more than this might be said, but it is not necessary to say it. Identification is not desired, and the slightest introduction will suffice for what follows. It is a copy of a letter which this gentleman addressed to his children a little while before his death, with a superscription to the effect that it should not be opened till a month or so after he was gone. His wishes were of course obeyed. Some years have passed since then, but the difference the reading of this letter made in us has never lessened, and it never can lessen. Often and often have we thought that, were it published, it might speak to good purpose for other fathers to other children; and with that idea alone it is published now.

Believe me, George, believe me, Charles, and you, too, my daughters, that no wicked wish to hurt you with unanswerable reproach from the place where I shall be when this is read inspires me to write it. Indeed, what I propose to indite is not a complaint but an explanation; and it touches you no more than all the young men and women that ever lived, not excluding myself, who was once as much of a

young man as you could find to-day in seven counties. Complaint, if complaint be lawful, lies against our common nature, the instincts of which may be wholesome and prosperous enough in their general operation, and for mankind in the mass; though I dare say that there is hardly an individual man or woman that has not suffered the pain which those instincts bring us to inflict upon each other in turn.

During the many, many days of loneliness that I have spent in my own room—I shall be glad if the books are kept together, and if the bow-pots in the window are handsomely replenished as the seasons allow—I have often sought among essayists, poets, playwrights, and biographers for some recognition of my own particular trouble, and have never found anything of the kind; and yet sure I am that mine is no singular case, but the experience of thousands and thousands who have silently endured without quite comprehending it. Indeed, the essayists and the poets, the play-writers and the biographers (but the playwrights in especial), are all in one tale; which is that men when they grow old do naturally become morose, silent, solitary, withdrawing from companionship just as the beasts do when age brings upon them a like depravity. Now I do not doubt it true of any of us that the sinking of the vital flame is so manifested; and besides, over and above what the physiologists would tell us, we know that we are not all good people. Born selfish, envious, uncharitable, the staple elements of our nature wear through the gilding of youth, or we grow careless of betraying them. And then it is a very true saying, I am sure, that wherever there is a strong native preponderance of good qualities or bad (for once I bid you think of wine) it never fails to come out with age. Therefore I am not so foolish or regardless as to argue that, in a world which has never yet produced one perfect generation of mankind, no old man is silent, solitary, sullen, unless he is made so by unkindly circumstance. But what I do think is, that the making of such old

men is common in many a household of young people.

It was in my books of natural history that I found the nearest explanation of myself (myself of the last ten years, you will understand) that a very considerable library could afford. You would have been amused, perhaps touched, I am sure surprised, had you known that a good part of the retired and churlish occupations of your father in his "den" was to discover pathetic resemblances between himself and the "rogue elephants" of natural history. Charles laughs; he says that he has noticed such resemblances in the family jungle, but not their pathos. No, no, he says nothing of the kind! Being a good boy at heart, he lets such jokes run through his mind silently now. Contemplation and a fellow-feeling have led me to the conclusion that the case of these poor beasts has been much misunderstood, much misrepresented. No doubt they lend themselves to misrepresentation by their own conduct. The most sensible and cogitative of quadrupeds, the thought of what is really a common injury, a universal fate, works upon their minds as it does in no other animal; and being untamed creatures, with a genealogy of wildness extending in unbroken continuity to remote geological periods (as witness their tusks, Cordelia, and their trunks, Elizabeth), they fall into ungovernable passions of resentment. Raging with an old-world sense of unmerited wrong, they cry vengefully, invade and toss orchards about, trample whole villages underfoot; and then how right it seems to call them "mad" and "rogue," and how justly and judiciously were they driven from the herd!

Poor rogues! I think I understand you better, although, thanks to a widely differing process of evolution, I have never been tempted to toss orchards about, nor (George, bear me out; you have known me longest) to trample on anybody or anything. Your fault, poor rogues! is one that we are all doomed to fall into; and though you take its punishment as an exceptional outrage, it is a common punishment, and written

among the laws of nature. In your ear, friend rogue—that ear of noble flap that was made when flies were flies and not the insignificant things that buzz about us now—you were old, you were at any rate more than middle-aged, when you were driven from the herd, and that is all about it. But we all grow old, and therefore are all liable to a like exclusion. Mice, men, and mastodons, the feathered creatures, even some insects probably, come under this law, now inflicting, now enduring it; and if not the snail and many sorts of fishes, it is because their inferior organization accounts for a comparative indifference to the disagreeableness of age. As they advance in sensitiveness and taste, no doubt they will become conscious of this disagreeableness also; and then there will be a greater number of God's creatures who when they grow old withdraw into a morose solitude, which is one view of the matter, or are pushed into silence in a life apart by the young, which is another.

You do not know, you never suspected it,—and why should you, when not one of you is much past thirty years of age?—but believe me, my children, it is not always the poor beast's fault that you see him moping at a distance from his fellow-creatures in the field or the farmyard. It may be, of course, that in growing old he has grown sulky and uncivil; but it is not for qualities of that kind, I fancy, that individuals are banished from the herd, the flock, the flight. But should he be crippled, or weakly, or old,—yes! Why, do you know that that charming little bird the—but I will not name him!—not uncommonly murders his father in cold blood as soon as he feels strong enough to fling himself upon the world? There is a last visit, a last worm; the worm is gobbled up, there is a sudden stroke of the beak at the bright paternal eyes, and youth begins its triumphal career. But this (oh, nature, nature!) is an extreme case, and we have nothing to do with it or with the like of it. All my intention is to remind you that nearly throughout the whole world of animated creatures, and among such as

live in families particularly, there is a something that divides the young from the old ; that, to be plain, this something is an instinctive aversion rising to repugnance and unaccompanied by pity ; that the feeling is all on the side of the young ; that it exists among ourselves, "who are the first of things ;" that though with us it may be concealed it cannot be subdued ; and lastly, that when a man worn with years, *sic transit* speaking from all quarters of his ruined face, is seen to shrink into speechless and uncompanionable ways, why then, I say, the young people about him, whom this also offends, should not be in haste to explain it as the inevitable moroseness of the old dog, and to condemn it accordingly. The moroseness may, indeed, be too evident for question, and it is not for me to say that, in most families where there are grey-grown fathers and solitary dens, it does not derive from the doggish source completely. Yet I would suggest, I, a grey-grown father whose one haunt and abiding-place has been the den for many a year, that there are exceptions, possibly a greater number than is included in the dreams of youth ; and that it would be kind as well as philosophical to inquire a little into the origin of the moroseness before it is set down to mere crabbedness and the degeneracy of age.

Shall I tell you more plainly what I think may sometimes be its origin, or at least a grand affluent and contributory to it ? I think it may be found in the direct, though unconscious, working of the aversion of youth from age which is the inheritance of all flesh, and one of the many witnesses to our brotherhood with the whole creation. Take me for an example, and think a little for yourselves. But before you begin upon that, hear again from my sincere lips, speaking with the knowledge that their sounds will not be heard till they themselves can speak no more, that I mean no reproach to you. No, nor did I ever blame you in my heart, having always in mind the nature of things and knowing how innocently hurt may be done. As you have been

assured already, I hope, my sole intention is to explain and excuse myself to you, and make the writer of this *apologia* a more grateful memory to you than I fear he may otherwise be. Well, then, I say this. You four young people have known me from my fifty-ninth, sixtieth, sixty-first birthday—I know not precisely when, but thereabout—as a close, severely silent, rarely smiling old man, withdrawing more and more into himself every year, little seen at last among you except at dinner, where the head of the table was as the North Pole in a gradually advancing ice-age. One of the contemporaries of my own bright days (a great man as compared with your father, whose companionship he generously tolerated), was known as "the Gruncher." The name was to me as the sound of it ; and many a time as I descended the stair to join you in the dining-room this was the thought in my mind : Now my children will say to themselves, "Here comes the Gruncher."—I don't mean Gruncher exactly, but something of a similar signification. Nor do I deny that a Gruncher I seemed ; well, and perhaps for some time now a Gruncher I have been. But I vow and declare that grunching was no spontaneous growth in my nature, but something quite foreign to it. It was sown, it was planted, and flourished, so much as it ever did flourish, to my own conscious hurt and sorrow.

"Here comes the Gruncher !" And accordingly, as I entered the room, whatever word was passing among you dropped, and the brighter the word the sooner. For a moment I have felt the air in the room alive and tingling with your jolly talk, and the next moment have been aware of a sensation as if the various currents of the jollity were creeping back or being gathered back to their source in your bosoms. Sad for the Gruncher, believe me ; and if his brow clouded rather more, and his lips tightened to one additional degree of thinness, why here was only human nature again. And let me tell you something else that you have not learned yet, perhaps : that where a

young face would perforce reveal a pathetic emotion in such circumstances (a child's, for a sure example), an old one cannot. No, it is not altogether a matter of pride, as you may think. An old face is hardened, toughened. It has lost the play, the power to express such delicate griefs; and even though tears may be rising low down in the well within, can only look more grave and condensed, which is as much as to say more Gruncher-like. So much in answer to the question which will arise in your minds at this point; for you will naturally say, how is it that we have never observed in him any recognition of the dropping of our talk, or any care as to whether it dropped or not?

But let me go on with this one illustration from the history of many days at home here. Thus abashed I have taken my seat, a gentle breath from Greenland's icy mountains circling round the table at the same moment and bringing with it an interval of Arctic silence. But not a long interval. Soon a word from Charles to George, from George to Elizabeth, softened the too poignant clatter of the table-furniture, and presently all four young voices were chiming away on this and on that; but, you will hardly believe it, in that tone of voice which has a *back*,—the back which strangers in a public place feel is turned upon them when we talk with each other in their presence. Though your brisk conversation may have been only of the cricket-match, of the people at the vicar's garden-party, or some strange story in one of the popular journals, I could but wish myself included in it, if only as an acknowledged listener, just as I used to be before the shroudings of age began. As it was, exclusion, the back of the talk, which, while it seemed so very natural to you, was not meant, I am sure, in unkindness to me. But how could I help it, if it had the effect of unkindness sometimes? Or how if I felt angry as well as hurt when, breaking in with a little talk of my own, I was answered by one of you (none of the rest even looking at "the chair") in the dry, respectful tone of catechumen to catechist, and

found it wise to cease? Though I knew that all was in accordance with the laws of nature, the same that are so hard on jungle-beasts and farmyard populations, yet I could not quite suppress internal rebellion, individual revolt. And what was the consequence of that? The consequence was that when I rose from my chair as silently as I had taken it, to return to the dead whence I came, it was not less reasonable for you to say within yourselves "there goes" than it was to say an hour before, "here comes the Gruncher." It was only another example of the way in which mood works upon mood, acting, re-acting, and re-acting anew; and so a little rift gradually widened into the great gulf between June and December.

I don't think—no, I don't think I have become much more of a rogue elephant even to the last; I mean as regards downright aggressive roguishness. Yet I am sadly aware that you can accuse me of growing more solitary, more distant, more self-absorbed, and even more forbidding. Yes, and that has been oppressive to you and very irksome. I know it and feel it every day of my life, and yet have been unable either to end or mend it; though I have thought many a time of my own young days at home, and remember well that it was much the same with my father and his children (when they grew up), as it is with you and me. Much the same but not so bad; on second thoughts not nearly so bad, for he had a very great advantage. In him old age was almost beautiful. At seventy, and even till he died, there was no ravage in his silvery hair, his features gradually fined away like a good blade in the wearing, and there was a very great difference between *his* eyes and the eyes of a tortoise. Fortunate beyond words is the man, if he loves to be loved, who at seventy years looks and moves as your grandfather did. But it is not the general luck. Most of us, alas and alack! are unbeautiful in decay. Here and there, and there again, we are marked by time's defacing fingers with the ugliness of age; and

whom do those uglinesses not repel? If we are humane we are ashamed of the repugnance, and do our best to sit upon it, to use one of Charles's favorite expressions; but it is as much a natural birth in the breast as any other sentiment, and is never consistently suppressed. Now speaking among ourselves, I may say we all know that your father has been one of the unfortunates, not conspicuously so, as again we shall agree, I think, but enough; and that one little physical accident is answerable for a great deal. Of course it has had its effects upon you, this repulsion which is so strangely felt as a personal offence; and, father or no father, he would be naught of a philosopher and much of a fool who dropped into self-pitying pathos over that. And then, mark you, it has had its effect upon me also. Again, George, I charge you to bear me out, so far as your remembrances allow. Did I ever put on the airs of a buck, or set any recognizable value on the modest portion of good looks that was mine before the grey days? I think not, and indeed am sure. But now hear me avow that when those good looks fell away and gave place to different ones, I mourned much as a beauty does when her losses are too great for denial to herself or disguise from others. And why? Because I hated to present myself to you a disagreeable object. I dare say it will surprise you as much as anything in the world could do to learn that in those times I often came down to breakfast quite unhappy on no other account; but however surprising, it is true. And then upon the ugliness of age came some small infirmities, such as a troublesome loss of memory, a trembling hand for a soup-ladle, which made matters worse; and I being ashamed of them, and unwilling to display them, shut myself out more and more from an intercourse which yet I cannot blame myself for being the first to narrow.

But now, according to information imparted to me by Dr. —, there is soon to be an end of all this muddle of small miseries. And that being so, I

look forward with no earthly trouble but one, and that is, lest you should think of me after I am gone, — or should I rather say forget me? — as the morose, self-concentred, curmudgeonly old man that I doubt not you have thought me, and perhaps even fancied that I delighted to be. There are such old gentlemen, I grant you; so many that they are believed to be a common species. But I have given you my grounds for doubting whether some of these are not in part home-made, and made out of reluctant material; and I beg of you to take me out of the category altogether. Appearances are strong against me, it is true; and yet I do assure you that even now, when, already on the pathway out of the city of this life, I turn to look down on it, I hardly know how these appearances could have been avoided. Even if I could have invited you, six or eight years ago, to a consideration of the laws of our nature which are so much to blame for the alienation of youth and age, little good would have come of it; and the invitation was an impossible one. But there is no risk in placing that consideration before you in this way, to think of when I am gone, and to make it easier for you to believe that your father's later years were not quite discharged of tenderness which surely you remember in the days when you were little children.

Before I had drawn the right deductions from my natural history books, there were times when I thought you most unkind to me. Then I learned to know better than to cherish such thoughts; and now I would have you discard the corresponding idea of me as really and truly a churlish old man, more than content that his affections are ashes, and no longer troublesome. It was never so really and truly. All the four walls of my den could testify to that if they had tongues as well as ears.

And so, without more ado, I end this letter, which was not to be half so long as it is, and to be clearer than I have made it. However, you will understand its meanings, and fold them in the kind-

liest shelter of your minds. And so, God bless you, George, and you, Charles; and for you the same prayer, my two pretty daughters. Another wish I have, all for myself, but that must seem strained and silly; it is that I might be dissolved into air so soon as this last drop of ink is expended, and never be seen again.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
STERNE AT HOME.

CONSIDERING how interesting and piquant a personage Sterne was, it is surprising that so little is known of his curious and chequered life. An account of him, indeed, in two volumes, appeared nearly forty years ago, in which is found all the information that was then available. Since then many curious things have come to light, with many letters. Letters of Sterne are scarce, and fetch from ten to twenty pounds apiece in the market.

As we all know, Laurence was sent to the Halifax Free School, where, like little Jack Sheppard, he wrote his name up high on the ceiling. Many years ago there was placed in the writer's hands an interesting *curio*—no other, indeed, than one of Laurence's school-books. A more characteristic evidence of the erratic character of the boy could not be imagined. It was a soiled, dirty book, every page scrawled over with writing, sketches, repetitions of his own name and those of his fellows. Everywhere is repeated "L. S., 1728," the letters being sometimes twisted together in the shape of a monogram. On the title-page, in faint, brown characters, was written, in straggling fashion, the owner's name: "Law: Sterne, September ye 6, 1725." We also find some of his schoolfellows' names, such as "Christopher Welbery," "John Turner" (a Yorkshire name), "Richard Carre, ejus liber," "John Walker," with "Nickibus Nunkebus," "rorum, rarum," etc. Then there is a stave of notes, with the "sol fa," etc. written below, and signed "L. S." Then we come on this: "I owe Samuel Thorpe

one halfpenny, but I will pay him to-day." On another page we read "labor takes panes," "John Davie," "Bill Copper," the latter, no doubt, a school nickname. But on nearly every page of this dog-eared volume is displayed some rude drawing or sketch done after the favorite schoolboy rules of art. One curious, long-nosed, long-chinned face has written over it, "This is Laurence," and there is certainly a coarse suggestion of the later chin and nose of the humorist. There are ladies' faces, owls, and cocks and hens, etc.; a picture of "a gentleman," so labelled underneath; and several, as we might expect, of soldiers—one, especially, in the curious sugar-loaf cap seen in the picture of the "March to Finchley," with the wig, short stock gun and its strap. We find also some female faces, early evidence, perhaps, of our hero's later tastes. Then we come on the words, "A drummer," "A piper," and this compliment, "puding John Gillington." Sometimes the name which figures everywhere is spelled "Law: Stern—his book."

As is known, Sterne was a prebendary of York, and held a small vicarage at Coxwold, some miles from that city. His house was a rustic-looking edifice which he had dubbed "Shandy Hall," high-roofed, and with gable ends. It now belongs to Sir George Wombwell, who has put it in repair and has placed an inscription on it recording the tenancy of the former owner. Unluckily it has been thought good to divide it into laborers' cottages, but the regular outline of the place is preserved, and on the entrance gate is to be read:—

"Here dwelt Laurence Sterne, for many years incumbent of Coxwold. Here he wrote 'Tristram Shandy' and the 'Sentimental Journey.' Died in London in 1768, aged 55 years."

Here, too, he danced and "fiddled," as he tells us, and wrote, coming to York for his term of residence. He lived in rooms in Stonegate. Long after—some thirty year after the humorist's death—a young and struggling actor—the first Charles Mathews—found himself in York, a member of

Tate Williams's company. With his wife, he was lodging in an old house in Stonegate which was known to be the house which Sterne occupied when he came to stay in York. The local tradition was that he had written his "Tristram Shandy" here, but this, of course, was hardly likely. It was difficult, however, to find a tenant for these quarters, as they had the reputation of being haunted; but the actor and wife, being very poor, could not afford to despise the accommodation, which was excellent and also cheap. On the first night of their occupation, as the minster clock tolled midnight, they were startled by three vivid knocks on the panel, and this visitation continued every night, until they at last became quite accustomed to it. No examination, however minute, could discover the cause; it at last ceased, and, curiously enough, simultaneously with the death of an old strolling actor named "Billy Leng," who lodged in the house. It turned out that this man, being bedridden, every night when he heard the minster clock used to strike three blows with his crutch on the floor to summon his wife to attend on him.

How many have laughed over the love-letters which Sterne wrote when courting Miss Lumley—"my L"—which might have come from the pen of the love-lorn Werther! These letters were taken due care of, put by for years, but were destined to do double service. When the widow and daughter were trying to get together some volumes of the humorist's "Remains" (what befell his own officially named "remains" is well known—they were sold also) they were glad to eke out their slender materials with these relics. Martha More, Hannah's sister, had heard that "Sterne's Lydia sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits she sent to Wilkes with the same request." He returned for answer "that, as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them." On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back

to say that "if Mr. Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style it would do just as well, and she would insert them." But they had previously made a second appearance, and the fair "Bramine," Mrs. Draper, the divine Eliza, actually received them from the admiring Sterne. This shows that he was either too indolent to compose new letters, or, what is more likely, fancied that these were in a more genuine strain than he could at the moment tune himself to. Some suitable changes and variations were, of course, made.

Sterne's patron and relative was Dr. Jaques Sterne, the Archdeacon of York, a pushing, scheming clergyman, who obtained preferment for his nephew as well as for himself. With this influential person the latter soon quarrelled, because, as the nephew said, "he would not write paragraphs in the papers—dirty work," he called it. "He became," he adds, "my bitterest enemy."

The earliest editor of this journal, Mr. Thackeray, was inclined to take the severest view of the humorist's conduct to his mother. In an unpublished letter which lately came into the possession of the British Museum, Sterne has vindicated himself, and, it would seem, successfully. It was addressed to his uncle, who was only too glad to take up the mother's cause with the view of annoying or harassing the nephew. In this curious document the poor curate states his case with a force and particularity which carry conviction, and gives the whole history of his relations with his troublesome parent. It is dated April 5, 1751, nearly ten years before he became famous.

It is strange to read of a son thus severely indicting his mother, but it must be considered that the unlucky curate was harassed to death almost by this ceaseless persecution, and that the defence was addressed to the most influential member of his family.

"'Tis now three years since I troubled you with a letter in vindication of myself in regard of my mother, in which that I might give you all imaginable conviction how barbarously she had

dealt by me, and at the same time how grossly she had deceived you by the misrepresentation which I found she had made of my behavior towards her, I desired my wife might have leave to wait upon you to lay the state of our circumstances fairly before you, and with that the account of what we had done for my mother, that from a view of both together you might be *convinced* how much my mother has complained *without reason*."

And so rife were these stories of filial neglect in the neighborhood and among his parishioners that he actually thought of laying his case before the public.

"My father, as you remember, died in the king's service in the West Indies. My mother was then with her own relations in Ireland, and upon the first news of his death came over to England. She was then in some difficulties about her pension, and her business was with you to solicit your interest to procure it for her upon the English establishment.

"But I well remember she was forced to turn back without having so much interest as to obtain the favor of being admitted to your presence (not being suffered even to reach York). When she came this second time from Ireland to Chester, and from thence to York, to raise this clamor against me, she found no difficulties of this kind — was openly received by you; which I have put you in mind of to observe to you, from the different reception she met with from you. But being told of late by some of my friends that this clamor has been kept up against me, and by as singular a stroke of ill-design as could be levelled against a defenceless man, who lives retired in the country and has few opportunities of disabusing the world; that my mother has moreover been fixed in that very place where a hard report might do me (as a clergyman) the most real disservice — I was roused by the advice of my friends to think of some way of defending myself, which I own I should have set about immediately by telling my story publicly to the world, but for the following inconvenience, that I could not do my-

self justice this way without doing myself an injury at the same time by laying open the nakedness of my circumstances." He then goes back to the death of his father. "In this last application she came recommended to your compassion with a complaint against *me*. In the former she had nothing to move you but the *real* distress of her condition. But this by the way.

"From my father's death to the time I settled in the world, which was eleven years, my mother lived in Ireland, and as during all that time I was not in a condition to furnish *her with* money, I seldom heard from her, and when I did the account I severally had was, that by the help of an embroidery school that she kept, and by the punctual payment of her pension, which is 20*l.* a year, she lived well, and would have done so to this hour had not the news that I had married a woman of fortune hastened her over to England. She has told you, it seems, that she left Ireland then upon my express invitation." This, it seems, was not the case. Her son "represented to her the inhumanity of a mother *able* to maintain herself, thus forcing herself as a burden upon a son who was scarce able to support himself without breaking in upon the future support of another person whom she might imagine was much dearer to me. In short, I summed up all those arguments with making her a present of twenty guineas, with a present of cloathes, &c., which I had given her the day before." His sister now comes upon the scene, a relative who, he says, was estranged from him by the hatred of his uncle. She, however, began to "turn up" at York, in default of her mother, to the further persecution of the poor vicar.

"In the year '44 my sister was sent from Chester by order of my mother to York, that she might make her complaint to you, and engage you to second them in these unreasonable claims upon us.

"This was the intent of her coming, though the pretence of her journey (*of which I bore the expenses*) was to *make a*

month's visit to me or rather a month's experiment of my further weakness. She stayed her time or longer, was received by us with all kindness, was sent back at my own charge with my own servant and horses, with five guineas which I gave her in her pocket, and a six-and-thirty piece which my wife put into her hand as she took horse." His relatives seem to have borne their visitation with wonderful patience, striving to soothe and bring to reason these troublesome people. "My wife and self took no small pains, the time she was with us, to turn her thoughts to some way of depending upon her own industry, in which we offered her all imaginable assistance, first by proposing to her that, if she would set herself to learn the business of a mantua-maker, as soon as she could get insight enough into it to make a gown and set up for herself, *that* we would give her 30*l.* to begin the world and support her till business fell in, or, if she would go into a milliner's shop in London, my wife engaged not only to get her into a shop where she should have 10*l.* a year wages, but to equip her with cloaths, &c. properly for the place; or lastly, if she liked it better, as my wife had then an opportunity of recommending her to the family of one of the first of our nobility, she undertook to get her a creditable place in it where she would receive no less than 8*l.* or 10*l.* a year wages, with other advantages. My sister showed no seeming opposition to either of the two last proposals till my wife had wrote and got a favorable answer to the one and an immediate offer of the other." Any one who is familiar with the Irish character and its curious mixture of pride, often coupled with mendicancy, will anticipate the reception these proposals met with.

"It will astonish you, sir, when I tell you she rejected them with the utmost scorn, telling me I might send my own children to service when I had any, but for her part, as she was the daughter of a gentleman, *she would not disgrace herself*, but would live as such. Notwithstanding so absurd an instance of her

folly, which might have disengaged me from any further concern, yet I persisted in doing what I thought was right, and though after this the tokens of our kindness were neither so great nor so frequent as before, yet nevertheless we continued sending what we could conveniently spare." This rather truculent lady now resorted to other devices not so justifiable.

"It is not usual to take receipts for presents made, so that I have not many vouchers of that kind, and as my mother has more than once denied the money I have sent her, even to my own face, I have little expectation of such acknowledgements as she ought to make. But this I solemnly declare, upon the nearest computation we can make, that in money, cloaths, and other presents, we are more than 90*l.* poorer for what we have given and remitted to them. In one of the remittances (during the summer of my sister's visit), and which, as I remember, was a small bill drawn for 3*l.* by Mr. Ricord upon Mr. Baldeso, after my mother had got the money in Chester for the bill she peremptorily denied the receipt of it. I naturally supposed some mistake of Mr. Ricord in directing. However, that she might not be a sufferer by the disappointment, I immediately sent another bill for as much more, but withal said, as Mr. Ricord could prove his sending her the bill, I was determined to trace out *who* had got my money, upon which she wrote word back that she had received it herself but had *forgot it*. You will the more readily believe this when I inform you that in December, '47, when my mother went to your house to complain she could not get a *farthing* from me, that she carried with her *ten guineas* in her pocket which I had given her but two days before. If she could *forget* such a sum, I had reason to *remember* it, for when I gave it I did not leave myself one guinea in the house to befriend my wife, though then within one day of her labor, and under an apparent necessity of a man midwife to attend her.

"What *uses* she made of this ungenerous concealment I refer again to your-

self. But I suppose they were the same as in my sister's case, to make a penny of us both.

"When I gave her this sum I desired she would go and acquaint you with it, and moreover took that occasion to tell her I would give her 8*l.* every year whilst I lived. The week after she wrote me word she had been with you, and was determined not to accept that offer unless I would settle the 8*l.* upon her."

At the conclusion of this rather touching pleading he mentions some curious facts connected with his education. The poor officer's son was left almost destitute, and for his schooling and university training was indebted to his relatives.

"I do remember, sir, when I married I acquainted you that Mrs. Sterne refused to have her own fortune settled upon her, and wished for no better security than my honor; to which you *then* answered, '*I was the more bound to take care that the Lady should be no sufferer by such a mode of her confidence.*' She never shall through my fault; though she has through my misfortune and that long train of difficulties and drawbacks with which you know I began the world, as, namely, the whole debt of my school education, cloathing, &c., for nine years together, which came upon me the moment I was able to pay it. To this a great part of the expense of my education at the University, *too scantily defrayed by my Cousin Sterne*, with only 30*l.* a year, and the last year not paid but with the money I borrowed. The expenses of coming into my preferments, the great repairs of a large, ruinous house upon my living, the entire furnishing of it when I had done, the want of good health for many years, perhaps with it, the want of all that good management in beginning the world with which I hope to end it. To all which let me add the continual drain from my mother. All these together — though I hold myself not accountable to any person, but One who will ever be the first to do me justice — all these together have so broken in upon that fortune which *you* recommended to my

care, that I will trust you a secret concerning it, which is this, that was I, sir, to die this night, I have not more than the very income of 20*l.* a year (which my mother enjoys) to divide equally betwixt my wife and helpless child, and perhaps a third unhappy sharer, that might come into the world some months after its father's death to claim its part."

That Sterne does not exaggerate in describing this bitter hatred and malignancy of his relative is shown by a little transaction that occurred in the cathedral society at York. The poor, distressed prebendary was glad to eke out his slender means by getting what was called another's "turn" of preaching, and which brought him some remuneration. Strange to say, it was a bookseller, one Hildyard, who had the arrangement of such matters, and was, as was natural, rather courted by the candidates for such privileges. Sterne had a useful ally in Dr. Blackburne, dean of the cathedral, who was always eager to befriend or assist him. Mr. Sterne seems to have obtained several of these useful little appointments; but his uncle soon found out what was going on, and interposed. For malignity and family animosity his letter can hardly be matched. He wrote: —

Decem. 6, 1750.

Good Mr. Archdeacon, — I beg leave to rely upon your Pardon for taking the Liberty I do with you in relation to your Turns of preaching in the Minster. What occasions it is, Mr. Hildyard's employing the last time *the Only person unacceptable to me in the whole Church, an ungrateful and unworthy nephew of my own*, the Vicar of Sutton; and I should be much obliged to you, if you would please either to appoint any person yourself, or leave it to your Register to appoint one when you are not here. If any of my turns would suit you better than *your own* I would change with *you*.

This is endorsed: —

Mr. Jaques Sterne: reprobation of his nephew Yorick, and mention of the Popish nunnery at York.

The "popish nunnery" still flourishes, and is the well-known establishment at Micklegate Bar, York.

Nor was this the only instance in which Sterne's memory has been defamed. It is notorious that if there was in the world any one to whom he was attached it was to his daughter Lydia. In all the whirl of his selfish pleasures he thought of her and her comforts, yet it seemed to have been the fashion to circulate stories as to the general heartlessness and "unfeeling" behavior of "the man Sterne."

Here is an unpublished letter, in which our author shows anxiety about his peppermint:—

Sutton, Wednesday.

Dr. Sir,—I have sent you a Large Quantity of Peppermint, wch I beg you will distil carefully for me. I observe you do not charge any Thing in yr letter for the Trouble and expense of making the last. I beg you'll not use any Ceremony with this, for I hoped you would take it *in Pence*. However, You may give Ricord a single Bottle, & if yr own shop is destitute of so precious a Vehicle I give you leave to do the same for Yrself.

I am yrs —

The triumphant success of "the Shandys," as he called them, is well known. They were pretty little volumes, some adorned with his autograph, which must have been troublesome for the brilliant author, as we may conceive the labor of thus adorning a large edition. He was eager to secure the assistance of Hogarth to furnish a frontispiece, and in the following "rollicking" and rather profane letter, also unpublished, he asks his friend Be-ranger to go to the painter and make the request:—

You bid me tell you all my wants. What the Devil in Hell can a fellow want now? By the Father of the Sciences (you know his name) I would give both my ears (if I was not to lose my credit by it) for no more than ten strokes of Howgarth's witty chisel, to clap at the Front of my next Edition of Shandy. The Vanity of a Pretty Girl in the Heyday of her Roses & Lilies is a fool to that of Author of my stamp. Oft did Swift sigh to Pope in these words: "Orna me, unite something of yours to mine, to transmit us down together hand in hand to futurity." The loosest sketch in Nature, of Trim's reading the sermon to my Father,

&c., wd do the Business, and it wd mutually illustrate his System and mine. But, my dear Shandy, with what face I would hold out my lank Purse! I would shut my Eyes, & you should put in your hand, and take out what you liked for it. Ignoramus! Fool! Blockhead! Symoniack! This Grace is not to be bought with money. Perish thee and thy Gold with thee! What shall we do? I have the worst face in the world to ask a favor with, & besides, I would not propose a disagreeable thing to one I so much admire for the whole world; but you can say anything—you are an impudent, honest Dog, & can't set a face upon a bad matter; prithee sally out to Leicester fields, & when you have knock'd at the door (for you must knock first) and art got in, begin thus: "Mr. Hogarth, I have been with my friend Shandy this morning;" but go on yr own way, as I shall do mine. I esteem you, & am, my dear Mentor, Yrs most Shandiascally, L. STERNE.

The pictures were furnished, and form frontispieces to the little "Shandys."

We have another unpublished letter connected with these "Shandys," and addressed to Becket, the publisher in the Strand:—

Montpelier: Oct. 18, 1763.

I wrote my last letter to you from home with so much haste that I forgot the principal thing I had in my intention, and which I had in a former letter desired you to be good enough to inform me about. I mean, what is the real state of our accounts, or, in other words, how many sets of Shandy you have got off to Booksellers and others since the 7th of last April? I am much obliged to you for your leave to let me draw upon you for the sumn you mentioned, but should be infinitely more easy to know how much you have in your hands of mine. Therefore, dear sir, favour me with an exact state of this, for tho' 'tis more a matter of curiosity than anything else, yet I would rather have it satisfied now than 3 months hence, when I shall see you and have all things settled.

In York there lived a certain Topham, who appears to have been a wealthy solicitor, who enjoyed many lucrative offices and made a great deal of money. He died early, at the age of fifty-eight, leaving a son, the eccentric Major Topham, afterwards editor and owner

of the *World*. This young man expected the reversion of some of the offices enjoyed by his father, but did not obtain them. This led to an angry controversy which divided the city into parties, and Sterne was engaged by the dean to write the defence of his conduct and expose the behavior of the Topham party. This was Sterne's first work; it has many touches of his characteristic style, and was oddly entitled "The History of a good, warm Watch Coat." Major Topham always boasted that he and his family were the indirect causes of Sterne's taking to authorship.

Calais, an interesting old town, always seems to be redolent of Sterne. Some twenty years ago its yellow walls were standing, the drawbridges down, and best of all, the old Dessin's Hotel, with its "Sterne's Room," was still shown. It was a pleasant, inviting place, having something of the air of a country house, with its yellow archway and large courtyard, round which ran the buildings. There were vines and general greenery, and over the archway little roofed dormer windows. Of a summer's Sunday, when there was a *fête* going on in the town, it was a pleasant thing to make an excursion over there and join in the genuine French festivity. The old inn, then the town museum, was thrown open, and you could wander through its chambers and pause in Sterne's room, still labelled with his name. Behind it were fair gardens of great extent, at the bottom of which stood the theatre which formerly belonged to the hotel. Now all has been pulled down and levelled to the ground, and a huge communal school erected on the ruins.

There is still in the place a second Dessin's Hotel, in a narrow street leading off from the Grand Place, and called Rue Amiral Courbet, which is quite as old as was the old Dessin. A quaint house it is too, with rather stately faded chambers, and a grand stair with banisters of flowing design, which ascend to the right and left. A worthy old French lady, Madame Dessin, still presides here, and is glad to talk with the sympathetic stranger of the glory of

her mansion, of "*feu M. Sterne*," and of the sad story of the purchase of the old hotel by the town, M. le Préfet himself coming to wait on her, and to assure her it was for the good and welfare of the place. She was *trop bonne Calaisienne*, she said with tears, to resist such pressure. She shows a cherished quarto copy of "*The Sentimental Journey*," in which her hotel is so faithfully described, and which is, of course, scored over with the remarks of foolish travellers.

From The Argosy.

THE DALESMEN OF EYAM.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

It was the fatal summer of 1666, and far away among the Derbyshire hills, the picturesque little village of Eyam, where now the modern tourist takes his peaceful holiday, was sore besieged. There was no sound of cannon or musketry, no flashing of swords or trampling of horses, no ringing tread of an armed host through the long, quaint village street. Noiselessly yet resistlessly came the foe, and underneath the sultry summer sky was fought out day by day for four long, weary months a strange and ghastly battle almost without its parallel in the pages of history.

Eyam, or the "Village of Waters" as it is sometimes called, is situated near the Derbyshire Peak. Sheltered from the winds by a thickly wooded mountain range, it nestles at the foot of the hills in the very heart of the most beautiful and varied scenery, and luxuriant and fertile vegetation.

Sheltered in their own peaceful little valley, sowing and reaping their fruitful fields, plying their simple trades, it is probable that the villagers of Eyam knew and cared but little for the terrible pestilence that was raging in the great metropolis and its vicinity, and was now approaching this quiet, world-forgotten little hamlet to reap a yet more terrible harvest.

It was in the September of 1665 that the passing bell of Eyam tolled out for the soul of one George Vicars, a tailor,

living in a little cottage not far from the churchyard. And then the rumor first spread from house to house as to the awful nature of the disease that had so suddenly swept off one who a few days before was hale and strong.

"They say it is the plague!" spoke the good wife to her husband, dropping her voice as she uttered the dreaded word; and neighbor looked at neighbor with whitening lips and startled eyes; even the children stopped at their play and shivered as they heard of the fatal box of clothing which had been sent to the tailor by a relative in London, and which brought with it the seeds of death.

"God's mercy! who may be the next?" said the gossips as they spun their wheels before the door; and the lads and lassies gathered in the sunset light beside the stream hushed their laughter, and filled their pitchers in silence as the news of that death broke in with solemn menace on their young and happy lives.

Thus it was that the pestilence first reached Eyam, and so virulent was it in form that all through the winter, in spite of the cold which usually held it in check, it claimed its victims by ones and twos, until by the beginning of June, 1666, some seventy-seven persons out of the small population had sickened and died.

During these months, to every house on which the ominous red cross was drawn came the good rector William Mompesson in the exercise of his sacred calling, tending the sick, ministering the last rites to the dying, comforting the terrified and heartbroken mourners; at once both priest, physician, and friend, to his stricken flock.

The character of William Mompesson shines out amid these scenes of darkness and death as at once a leader of men, and a type of that self-devoted priesthood that in every age and every clime has been and is the glory of the Church of Christ.

But little is known of his early history. He came to Eyam in 1664, having previously married a young and beautiful girl named Catherine, the daughter

of Ralph Carr of Cocken, in the County of Durham, and they had at the time of the outbreak two little children—George and Elizabeth, one of whom at least must have been scarcely out of babyhood.

That Mompesson was in the first instance somewhat disappointed at his preferment, probably desiring some more important and active field of labor, we gather from his own sad and self-reproachful letters written in the November of 1666 when the disease had done its worst, in which he laments his own ingratitude and want of appreciation of the blessings of his lot. Be that as it may, from the moment of the death of Vicars on to the bitter end of the following year he never faltered in his duties, never relaxed his efforts, never even in the agonizing calamity that desolated his own home, shrank from his burden. But literally laid down his life, and that which was far more precious than life itself, in the service of his people, caring for nothing save that his Master's work might be done.

In the early part of June, 1666, the pestilence broke out with redoubled fury, and the panic-stricken people were nearly beside themselves with fear. Catherine Mompesson, in an agony of grief, flung herself at her husband's feet, and besought him to fly from the doomed village with herself and their little children beyond the reach of the fell destroyer.

"The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling . . . the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Nay! he asked her—would she have him faithless to his God and to his orders? Should the sick be untended, the dying unabsolved, the holy sacrifice uncelebrated, and the desolate unconsoled, that he might haply preserve in despicable security for a few days or months or years that life that was long ago given over to the service of the world's Redeemer? There was a time of reckoning for all things; should he one day have to stand before his Maker, and, overwhelmed with grief and shame, be able to make no answer when the solemn cry went forth, "Where is the flock

that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?"

Then he in his turn sought to persuade her to leave him, and to take the little ones who needed her so sorely, and go with them to their relatives in Derby. But Catherine had no fears for or thought of her own safety; and his entreaties only determined her to send away the children, though it almost broke her heart to separate from them; as for herself, her place was at her husband's side, and from this resolution nothing could move her.

There was no time for delay, and that same summer evening the two young parents kissed the smiling baby faces, and, commending them to God, sent their dear ones away in the care of a trusted servant out of the baleful atmosphere that surrounded their once happy home. We can imagine how the mother wept and hung above her darlings, how she lingered wistfully at the door watching, long after the shadowy outline of their little forms and the waving of their tiny hands had become lost in the gathering darkness, and then turned wearily back into the house with a sad foreboding at her heart which told her that she should never look upon their faces any more.

It was at this juncture that Mompesson discovered that preparations were being rapidly made for a general flight. A few of the wealthier inhabitants had already indeed left, and the remainder, unable to bear their misery any longer, determined to quit the village in a body, heedless or ignorant that they would carry with them wherever they went the fatal pestilence, and sow it throughout the length and breadth of their own and the adjoining counties.

There is but little doubt that had this course been adopted the mournful history of Eyam would have been repeated in every village in Derbyshire, and instead of one little hamlet the entire surrounding country side would have been devastated. At this supreme moment Mompesson faced the difficulties of his position with a courage and a wisdom that under God saved the lives of many thousands of people. Calling his terror-

stricken flock together he made a passionate appeal to them, entreating them to reconsider their decision. He pointed out that there was not the slightest security that such a measure would save their own lives, steeped as they were in infection; and that there was an absolute certainty that wherever they went they would carry with them a baleful death, bringing sorrow and desolation into countless happy and unsuspecting homes. He put before them an heroic alternative—that they should isolate themselves within the narrow confines of their little village, letting the plague work its will upon them, for whom, as he frankly told them, there was but little chance of escape; and thus by this means save their brethren.

When one considers how strong in human nature is the hope and love of life, how almost uncontrollable the unreasoning fear, the impulse towards flight from an imminent and unknown danger on the part of a number of persons animated both by the same dread and desire, one would not have been surprised had Mompesson's words fallen on deaf ears, and hearts deadened to all thought or care for any save themselves. But to the lasting honor and glory of Eyam, the appeal was not made in vain.

Mompesson, looking into the troubled faces round him, told them that if they would but promise solemnly before God to abide by his conditions, no want or needless suffering should fall upon them. He would at once write to the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood, and arrange for all supplies and necessities to be brought from without, to given places on the outskirts of the village, while a boundary should be set beyond which none should pass either from without or from within.

Thus, he said, shutting in among themselves their fell enemy, they would cripple its power, burying it if need be in their own graves, until in his own good time God should see fit to lay to his hand and deliver them therefrom. Until that day let them be patient and brave, resting in the sure and certain hope that even the sufferings of this present time were as nothing to the

glory that was to come ; while death itself, however terrible, was but after all a gateway opening into everlasting life.

Something of the speaker's enthusiasm must have flashed back from the worn and haggard faces of his listeners—something of that greater love, that spirit of self-abnegation that attained its divine culmination on the cross of him who died for the whole world, must have found an echo in the hearts of those simple, unlettered folk, for no dissentient voice was raised—with one accord they accepted Mompesson's conditions, and the promise made was kept unbroken to the last.

From that time forward there was neither going in nor coming out of Eyam—without, the plague, like an invisible wall, surrounded the devoted little village ; while from within, a still more impassable barrier that their own hearts and consciences had raised, barred all communication with the outer world.¹

In response to Mompesson's letters, the gentry of the neighborhood, and more especially the Earl of Devonshire, undertook to supply the village with all necessaries and provisions. "A kind of circle," says the chief authority on matters connected with Eyam, "was drawn round the village, marked by particular and well-known stones and hills, beyond which it was solemnly agreed no one of the villagers should pass, whether infected or no. This circle extended about half a mile round the village, and to two or three places or points in this boundary provisions were brought. A well or rivulet northward of Eyam, called to this day Mompesson's Well or Brook, was one of the places where articles were deposited. These articles were brought very early in the morning by persons from adjacent villages, who when they had delivered them beside the well, fled with the precipitation of panic. Individuals appointed by Mompesson and

Stanley fetched the articles left, and when they took money it was placed in the well or certain stone troughs to be purified ; thus preventing contagion by passing from hand to hand. . . . When money was sent, it was only for some extra or particular articles, the provisions and many other necessaries were supplied, it is supposed, by the Earl of Devonshire. . . . The wisdom of Mompesson," continues this writer, "can only be surpassed by the courage of the inhabitants in not trespassing beyond the bounds marked out."²

For the magnificence of their sacrifice to stand out in its true proportions, it must also be borne in mind that these were but a handful of simple country folk, many of them ignorant and uncultured, with all the prejudices and superstitions of their class. They had been ready to put faith in every infallible remedy, and in everything that promised the slightest hope of escape ; to them it would have probably seemed that in flight lay their one chance of personal immunity, and the surrender of this hope must have been a sore effort. A surrender which, together with their patient endurance, their loyal obedience to the one man who had the wisdom to conceive and the nerve and devotion to carry out this difficult enterprise, had its source alike in that faith which knows nothing of self-interest or self-preservation, but only of self-renunciation.

All through the months of June, July, and August, the plague continued to rage with unabated fury. The sunny village street was deserted ; the roses bloomed and faded all ungathered ; the cattle lowed untended in the meadows ; the fruit hung in blighted clusters in the orchards ; and the waving corn ripened in the fields, but none had heart or strength to reap the harvest. The weather was hot and sultry ; the atmosphere loaded and oppressive, and the sunshine fell with sickly glare into the chambers where, one after another, men, women, and little children laid them down to die.

¹ The only exceptions appear to have been that one wet day a carter of Bubnell chose to drive through Eyam, and on another occasion a poor woman, under some pressing necessity, attempted to reach the market at Tideswell. Both met with rude treatment from the terrified people, when it became known from whence they had come.

² History of Eyam.

The dust gathered on the spinning-wheel, for the good wives talked no more before their doors; neighbor shrank from neighbor, fearing the slightest contact, and the few old gossips who lingered now and then in the grass-grown streets, where the rabbits and hares sported undismayed in the broad daylight, no longer exchanged their wonted cheerful, idle chat, but had only to tell in mournful whispers how the strange "white cricket" had been seen on such and such a one's now deserted hearth, and how the mournful baying of "Gabriel's hounds" had been heard at night beneath the windows of the latest victim of the disease.

The annual festival of rejoicing for the harvest, always held on St. Helen's day, was this year quite forgotten. The church was closed, for it was deemed dangerous to crowd the people together within its walls. No bells rang from the belfry; the very gates of the churchyard were closed, and the dead were buried in any open space of ground near their homes.

House after house was visited by the destroying angel; husband and wife, mother and child, young and old, were smitten down before him. Some sinking away in a deadly stupor, others racked with pain and tormented almost to the verge of madness by a raging fever. Relatives buried their own dead in the nearest field, until the last member of a family died, and then some friend or neighbor, or hired hand, hastily dug their narrow grave. From the 5th to the 30th of July perished the entire family of the fated Talbots of Riley, numbering seven persons. And early in August Elizabeth Hancock buried with her own hands her husband, three stalwart sons, and three blooming daughters. Strangely enough, though weakened by her awful watching, and prostrate with grief, she herself escaped the disease, passing the remainder of her days peacefully with her only surviving child, a son, who was at the time fortunately apprenticed in Sheffield.

Amid this scene of gloom and misery the only bright spot in the picture is in

the figures of William and Catherine Mompesson going to and fro on tireless errands of mercy. All that skill or tenderness could do for their suffering people was done by that devoted couple, who went fearlessly in and out of the infected dwellings. Mompesson's own description, written shortly after the visitation was over, is so graphic that it cannot be omitted:—

"The condition of this place was so sad that I persuade myself it did exceed *all history and example*. Our town hath become a Golgotha, the place of a skull; and had there not been a small remnant left we had been as Sodom and Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations. My nose never smelled such horrid smells, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. There have been seventy-six families visited within my parish, out of which two hundred and fifty-nine persons died."

Fearing any longer to hold service in the church, twice in the week, and every Sunday, Mompesson gathered together his fast-dwindling flock in the Delf, a picturesque and secluded little dell, where from an ivy-covered rock, which served as a rude pulpit, he spoke to them words of hope and cheer, and where, like Phineas of old, he stood up and poured forth his passionate prayer to God that the plague might be stayed.

The people sat below him on the grassy slope, each one a little removed from the other. The instinct of common sorrow which draws men together, the kind and sympathizing voice of their one earthly friend, and their simple, unwavering faith in their Heavenly Father, in whom, although he slew them, yet would they trust—brought them at each summons to their accustomed place. But their eyes were heavy with weakness, and dulled with unshed tears, their brains reeling at the greatness of the calamity that had befallen them, and they had no strength left save to join, with faltering lips, in their pastor's solemn and ceaseless supplication.

"In all time of our tribulation . . .

in the hour of death and in the day of Judgment : Good Lord, deliver us ! ”

Mompesson kept in his usual health ; although always “ an ailing man,” he yet seemed to bear a charmed life in the midst of the disease which overpowered strong and weak alike. But the sword of the Angel of Death was already stretched out over the peaceful rectory. It was on the 22nd of August that Mompesson was walking, with his young wife on his arm — she was only twenty-six years of age — about the fields adjoining their home. They were talking the one to the other — possibly about their absent little ones — when she suddenly exclaimed, “ Oh ! the air — how sweet it smells ! ” At her words her husband’s heart failed him, for already within his knowledge the same sensation and the same words had been a forerunner of the dread disease.

A few short hours proved all too soon the fatal truth. Vainly Mompesson sought every remedy, and nursed his darling with ceaseless and unremitting zeal. Love for her husband and her helpless children enabled her for a time to strive against her sickness, but her sorely tried strength failed rapidly, and she died peacefully in her husband’s arms. What an agony of grief rings out from the cry with which the sorrow-stricken man yielded up his treasure to his God : “ Farewell — farewell all happy days ! ”

Catherine Mompesson’s death stirred the whole remnant of the village from their dull apathy to quick and living sorrow. From every quarter they came, weeping for her who had so often wept for them, and forgetting their own deep griefs in the bitter calamity that had overtaken their rector.

He buried his wife in Eyam churchyard, close to the east end of the chancel, and on her grave where the morning sunlight shines is still to be read the half-obliterated, significant inscription :

MORS MIHI LUCRUM.

After she was laid to rest, Mompesson roused himself from his mourning to resume his labors among his people. In a letter to his children, dated August 31,

1666, he pours out something of the trouble that was oppressing his soul :

“ Dear Hearts,” he writes, “ this brings you the doleful news of your dear mother’s death — the greatest loss that ever befell you. I am not only deprived of a kind and loving comfort, but you are also bereaved of the most indulgent mother that ever dear children had . . . But we must comfort ourselves in God . . . that the loss is only ours, and that what is our sorrow is her gain. The consideration of her joys, which I do assure myself are unutterable, should refresh our drooping spirits. My dear hearts, your blessed mother lived a most holy life and made a most comfortable and happy end, and is now invested with a crown of righteousness.”

Then he goes on to dwell with pathetic insistence on the virtues of that mother whose memory he would fain have live in her children’s hearts — her piety and devotion, “ which were according to the exact principles of the Church of England ” — her modesty and humility, her charity and frugality, her housewifely zeal. “ Her discourse ever grave and meek, yet pleasant withal.”

Writing to his friend and patron, Sir George Saville, on September 1, Mompesson says : —

“ Dear and honored Sir, — This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write. The destroying angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation, my dearest wife is gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Indeed, had she loved herself as well as me, she had fled from this pit of destruction with the sweet babes, and might have prolonged her days ; but she was resolved to die a martyr to my interests.”

That he considered his own end must be rapidly approaching is evident from the terms in which he commends his children to his patron’s care, and takes farewell of him and all his house ; his letter closes with the following words :

“ Dear Sir, I beg the prayers of all about you that I may not be daunted at the powers of hell, and that I may have dying graces ; with tears I beg that

when you are praying for fatherless orphans you will remember my two pretty babes."

But it was not to be. The death of Catherine Mompesson may be considered as the closing act of the terrible drama. In September the weather became slightly cooler, and the number of deaths only amounted to twenty-four as against the seventy-three that had perished in August alone. On the 11th of October the wind shifted to the east, and the plague suddenly and entirely ceased. From that day there were no fresh deaths, and the remnant of the little village began slowly to take heart again, and to try to restore in some measure their ruined homes. Out of a population of three hundred and fifty no less than two hundred and sixty-seven had died — two hundred and fifty-nine of plague, according to Mompesson, and the remaining eight of other diseases; therefore the entire muster of the once happy and prosperous hamlet numbered only eighty-three souls, including the rector himself, and such of the children as had escaped the epidemic. The winter months were spent in destroying, as far as possible, bedding, clothing, and furniture, and purifying and fumigating all necessary articles of apparel; while every means that the sanitary knowledge of the time, and the forethought of Mompesson could suggest, was adopted to prevent a recurrence of the disease.

Writing to his uncle on November 20th, he says:—

"Now (blessed be God) all our fears are over, for none have died of plague since the 11th of October, and the pest houses have long been empty. I intend—God willing—to spend this week in seeing all the woollen clothing fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction as for the safety of the country. Here have been such burning of goods that the like I think was never known. For my part, I have scarcely apparel to shelter my body, having wasted more than I needed for the sake of example. During this dreadful visitation I have not had the least symptom of disease, nor had I ever better health."

A village ravaged by soldiery or destroyed by fire could hardly have presented a more piteous and desolate aspect than that of Eyam at this period. The people, shattered in health and oppressed with sadness, crept languidly about the streets, and began slowly and fitfully to resume their ordinary avocations. In almost every homestead there must have been some missing face, "some vacant chair," and many of the houses were utterly closed and falling into ruins, for those who had once inhabited them had arisen and gone hence, and the place thereof would know them no more.

Still, as the days passed on, bringing the assurance that the plague was at last overcome, the little band would begin to gather hope again. Dull eyes would brighten, neighbor again seek neighbor, instead of shrinking from all communication with their kind, and the happy, quick-forgetting laugh of the children would once more be heard; while here and there one and another from the surrounding hamlets would venture to cross that formidable barrier, to see how it fared with the good people of Eyam, and who was living, and who, alas! was dead.

The re-opening of the long-closed church must have been quite an event, and the sound of the old familiar chimes ringing out on the still frosty air their solemn message, *Jesus bee ovr spede*, must have wakened countless memories—thoughts both of pain and thankfulness—in the hearts of those who had never hoped to hear them again.

To this period belongs the sad and romantic little story of "Rowland and his Emmot," still carefully remembered among the village traditions. A gentle, pretty girl, Emmot Sydall of Eyam, was betrothed to a young farmer living in Middleton Dale. The outburst of the plague of course separated the lovers, for the young man apparently had those at home to whom he dared not run the risk of bringing infection. Rumors of Emmot's death reached him, but he hardly seemed to have credited them, and as soon as ingress was permitted he passed the fatal line, and sought the

once bright and cheerful cottage. He crossed the grass-grown threshold — no one answered his summons, and only his own voice echoed hollowly through the deserted house. The half-open door swung creaking back on its rusty hinges. All was still, the chairs and tables stood in their accustomed places covered with dust, and on the black and desolate hearth the rank grass was growing and the green, damp moss was creeping silently from brick to brick of the red tiled floor. The pewter vessels were flecked with rust; the old Dutch clock was pointing with mournful finger to a bygone hour — the linnet lay dead in its cage — only the shadow of death and decay brooded over all things. For a stronger wooer than Rowland had claimed his Emmot; she lay asleep in the grassy dell, and neither his love nor his tears could bring her back to him.

A few scattered hints remain as to Mompesson's subsequent history, which after that year of fiery trial seems to have been peaceful and uneventful. He remained at Eyam until 1669, when he was presented to the rectory of Eakring, Notts. He was made prebendary of York and Southwell, having previously refused, in favor of a friend, the deanery of Lincoln. It is somewhat disappointing to find that he married again, and yet it is pleasant to think of him once more with a happy home, and little children round him. Of George and Elizabeth Mompesson but little is known. The former took orders, and was rector of Barnborough; but whatever their after-career, the children of such parents could scarcely fail to realize their father's prayer, uttered for them in the extremity of his sorrow: "I am not desirous that they should be great, but good." Mompesson died at Eakring in 1708, in the seventieth year of his age. His body rests in the chancel of Eakring Church, "in the hope of a blessed resurrection," and his memory is a deathless heritage to his race.

Such is the story of the Dalesmen of Eyam; a story of patient endurance, of steadfast and unselfish heroism on the part of an entire community, which

is perhaps almost unique among the records of the past.

The praise of men, the wondering admiration of the world of later days, which probably in their own time counted their lives madness, and their deaths without honor, had no part in the thoughts of these simple dalesmen, as they turned at that solemn appeal and went back every man to his own house. Of what should be said of them in the days to come, and of how their memory would shed a lustre round their tiny, unknown village that would never fade away, they knew and recked but little. They only knew that they heard the voice of their Lord cutting across their questionings and fears, and calling to them to follow him as he called his disciples of old. And they did follow him, nothing wavering, along that bitter way of the cross which led them through the grave and gate of death into everlasting life.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

To sit down patiently with empty hands and wait the coming of death in one of its most terrible and hideous forms, requires a courage, surely, as deep and strong as to face the torturer's rack, the scathing fire, and the glittering axe and sword. And among the glorious martyrs of God not least perhaps in the Kingdom of Heaven are some of those men and women who sleep for the most part in nameless graves sown broadcast over the green and fertile fields of Eyam.

From All The Year Round.

THE FALLS OF TROLLHATTAN.

I THINK upon the whole a man might as well journey on a glacier as in a Swedish goods train. The former would be much colder than the latter, even in winter, but it would scarcely seem more slow. The Swedes are not an excitable people. An average pace of from ten to twelve miles an hour does not irritate them at all; nor do they travail with wrath when the conductor at each little

station flings the carriage door wide open, announces a halt of ten minutes or twenty minutes, and straightway lets in a surge of air at a temperature of, say, five degrees above zero. On the contrary. They do but turn on their hard seats like relieved leviathans, smile in a wooden way, and remark to each other: "We're getting on. We shall be at — by and by." Then they loll their heads out of the gap, and gaze at the little red station with its two or three fur-wrapped officials, looking like Russian dukes, and continue so to gaze until the goods train gives a lazy jolt as a signal that it is about to saunter on to the next station. Anon, they resign themselves to ennui and silence for another spell. They stare at the opposite side of the car with fish-like placidity for fifteen minutes without winking, and only when one is half convinced that they are profoundly sunk in the joys of a career of nothingness — like an accomplished Buddhist — does the dreadful goods train thrill dislocatingly once again, and restore them to animation for the next stop.

It will be said: "Why travel by goods train?" My dear reader, you do not know upon what conditions the Swedish State-controlled railways are worked. There is an express at an early hour — for winter an extremely early hour — of the morning, and an express at a late hour of the night. Even these are wretched examples of speed. But at other times you must pick and choose between goods trains — which always carry a few passenger-wagons sandwiched among their trucks of iron ore, stiff-frozen herrings, and butter-tubs. The chances of death in any form on a Swedish railway are quite infinitesimal. However, one cannot expect much in the way of sensational experiments, whether in speed or collision, from a land the State railways of which do not bring in a revenue of more than three or four hundred thousand pounds annually for the State exchequer. Sweden does well to be solicitous of the lives of its people. To a country of its size, with less than five million inhabitants, population is

of more consequence than money or speed.

For my part, in making my laggard way to Trollhattan from Mellerud the other January day, I accounted myself happy in the discovery that my neighbor in the car could talk English. He had lived in Scotland five years, in the interest of "piece goods," and boasted sinfully that during all that time he had never spent a Sunday out of bed. Like every other travelled Scandinavian I have met, he wished himself in Great Britain or America for life. He was a good-natured fellow, and loudly lamented that the frost on the window-panes prevented me from seeing the landscapes, in the midst of which we tarried long enough to be accounted a part of them. But I did not much regret the obduracy of the window-panes. I saw snatches of the country at each railway-station; and after Norway, it may be said to be singularly devoid of interest. Gone are the bold, snow-crowned mountains, with the fir-clad slopes and pinnacles, which are the inland characteristics of the country of fiords. We have instead a flattish, dull land, with thin snow on its ill-ploughed fields, relieved from the charge of absolute ugliness by the sombre shade of the patches of pines in the distance, and by the clear, frosty sky overhead. In summer it is a trifle more winsome. Then its many lakes are a mosaic of sunlight let into the land. But in winter they are only distinguishable from the level fields by the purer color of their snow. Here and there you may see stumpy farmhouses painted vermilion or maroon, with long barns annexed. For the most part, however, Sweden's rustic dwellings on the west coast are commonplace, wooden sheds, not at all inviting to the eye.

After spending three hours over a journey of sixty kilometres, the train at length ran across a fine bridge spanning a river, which could not but be the Gotha, and Trollhattan was reached. The red glow of the western sky threw a charming glamour over the small town and the dark waters of the Gotha. There were blocks of ice in the stream,

but the current was too strong for a general refrigeration. As I left the train, thankful at heart, I heard the roar of the famous falls in the distance, like the incoming of old ocean's tide upon a shingly shore.

Trollhattan, or "the home of the witches," is not yet a place of European fame comparable to the American, and, indeed, the world-wide fame of Niagara. One may go a little farther, and confess that the falls of the Gotha are not so startling as those which our American cousins share with the Canadians. But they press them closely in some respects. At any rate, Sweden, which is not a very go-ahead country, except in certain particulars known only to the people of Stockholm and experienced visitors, proposes that in the future this excellent bait for tourists shall be more noised abroad than in the past. Few resorts of their kind can be more charming in the dog days than one of these hotels on a wooded hill in the valley, with the brawling river at its base and the cool shade of the pines in its circumjacent gardens. All intelligent Swedes talk of Trollhattan as the finest collection of waterfalls in Europe. This concession may be allowed.

But in winter it is another thing. Trollhattan does not then expect visitors — unless they are a thought insane. It does not seem to occur to this busy little town of paper-makers, iron-workers, and millmen, that half-frozen waterfalls are a spectacle worth the trouble of inspecting.

I had premonition of this in the astonishment with which the dignified little boy in buttons of the hotel greeted my arrival at his establishment. But he soon recovered himself. Then he displayed all that admirable urbanity of manner which distinguishes the well-trained Swedish boy from either his British or American coeval. It is nothing less than a revelation of capability to see a Swedish boy become rigid and bow to a superior; and be it understood that here the laudable maxim that age implies superiority is taught implicitly. However, this boy — he was about ten years old — was quite too much for my

risible muscles. The way in which he stood to attention and bowed whenever he was so unfortunate as to catch my eye was new in my experience.

There is another thing though that the visitor to Sweden must steel himself to bear: the maidservants' curtsy when you bless them with a gratuity. This in the abstract is, of course, a simple enough function; but when they are pretty — as they often are — it is a trifle embarrassing to a man with an impressionable heart. I take it, the curtsy is not properly achieved unless the damsel looks up sweetly into her benefactor's face while she is bending her knees. On this subject I write with a certain authority, for I was rather reckless in gratuities when once I perceived how amply they were required.

I was the only visitor in the hotel, and was looked after with comforting assiduity by a grey-eyed girl, with the grace of a princess and an undeniably attractive face. She lit the stove, brought me warm water, regretted that the liquor laws of Sweden made it impossible for her to supply me with a little brandy, and afterwards urged me before I went forth into the moonlight to soothe my appetite with the *smörgåsbord*. To tell the truth, the liquor laws of Scandinavia are sometimes a nuisance to the stranger. It is all very well that the towns should do their utmost to restrict the plague of drunkenness, and should themselves dispose of the profits of the spirit trade in good works, local and otherwise; but there are times and seasons when — if the teetotal orators will pardon me — a wineglass of cognac makes all the difference between living and dying. The unenlightened foreigner may not realize his situation until it be too late. He may awake agonizedly in his hotel to discover that he must do as best he can until one of the specifically licensed houses has been applied to. It is explained to you that you must keep your spirits by you; but it is both inconvenient and unseemly to have bottles of brandy among one's shirts and neckties; nor does it, to English eyes, look well for a fashionably dressed gentle-

man in his hotel of an evening to draw forth from his pocket a large flask of spirituous punch, with which private store he proceeds to indulge himself.

The *smörgasbord* — literally, the buttered goose-table — though a fair institution, is no adequate atonement for this insult to Messrs. Brandy, Rum, Whiskey, and Co. It consists, as my readers may know, of a side table furnished with bits of fish, ham, meat, and other things. The fish is nearly sure to be raw. You may eat it in morsels, with hard-boiled eggs or with oat cake or bread. There is also butter, and cheese, and pickles; and you are supposed to vary the entertainment with one or two glasses of corn brandy, a very different spirit from cognac, which may be contained in vessels like teaurns, with taps needing to be turned. The Swedes use the *smörgasbord* as a whet for dinner or supper. Anglo-Saxons, at first acquaintance, are prone to imagine that it is all the meal. In this matter I have heard a gentle waitress reproach a countryman of mine inferentially, in a way that ought to have staggered his heart. The ignorant gentleman went from one little dish to another, and, like a swarm of locusts, left nothing in his track. He also tossed off the thimblefuls of corn brandy, as if they had been so much lemonade. "Monsieur," murmured the girl at length, "your dinner is ready!" and she pointed to his soup, which smoked for him at the dining-table proper.

The air was nipping when I left the well-warmed hotel for my introduction to the waterfalls. A full moon shone in the east, and gave quite a theatrical look to the little town. There was a small bridge near, and a short row of small wooden houses bearing precisely the appearance of the edifices at the wings of the stage in a melodrama. Moreover, to the windows of these houses hung transparent blinds, which were exactly adapted to heighten the stage effect. Upon one blind, thanks to the oil lamp behind it, was seen to be represented a substantial castle, with elegant trees flanking it, and clouds above, after the manner of Claude Lor-

rairie. Another blind depicted a hawking scene. The baron of the group was a superb person, and, as became him, he was evidently paying his attentions in no half-hearted way to the damsel in swansdown and minever, who looked so bewitching as she stood gazing doubtfully at the fierce-beaked bird which some one had set upon her wrist.

These blinds, like the wooden houses — of course, they were really of canvas mounted on frames — were stage properties of the conventional kind. As I crossed the little bridge already mentioned, in full radiance of the moonlight, I involuntarily trembled in the complete assurance that this was just the spot for the sudden apparition of the villain of the play, cloaked, and hoarse as a raven, the while he made his grim proposition to me, with a glittering dagger uplifted in his right hand to mark time to his words.

But to my relief the villain came not. The next moment I was in unqualified shadow again, and I felt that his opportunity had passed. A stiff-tailed cat mewed excitedly in front of me as it trod timidly over the frozen snow, and the voice of Trollhattan's waters grew louder.

The broad space of the Gotha was at hand, with its factories lower down clanking their machinery, and on this romantic night insulting the moon with the garish glow of their electric lamps.

This is another item in which Sweden somewhat discomforts us. She has taken up Mr. Edison's various inventions with a thoroughness worthy of a land ten times as rich and populous as she is. It will surprise some of my readers to know that her town of Haparanda, nearly on the sixty-sixth degree of latitude, has been well acquainted with electricity for some time. As a speculation the process of illuminating Haparanda up to date can hardly be praised; but as enterprise it is magnificent. So, too, with Sweden's other large towns. It is all one whether you go abroad in them at twelve o'clock A.M. or twelve o'clock P.M. You can read your newspaper in the highway equally well at either hour. Of course,

too, in Haparanda's case, where in winter the daylight is not worth mentioning, the electric light is a very potent substitute for the sun.

The telephone, also, has been accepted in Sweden with remarkable enthusiasm. The official statistical record tells us that whereas in 1882 there were but three hundred and ten kilometres of this useful wire in the land under State control, in 1889 the length had increased to eight thousand eight hundred and forty-two kilometres, exclusive of about thirty-seven thousand kilometres of private wires. In such towns as Gothenburg and Stockholm you see telephone kiosks in almost every street.

But I am straying very far from Trollhattan, thanks to the electric lights which shimmer on the portals of the factories which seem to absorb the upper falls. Guided by the thunder of the waters, I came at length to the vicinity of the first pair of cataracts. The river, it must be explained, in its procession from Lake Wenern to the sea, has to fall about a hundred and forty feet. Of this fall it gets through no less than one hundred and eight feet in the course of not quite a mile in the pine-wooded glen of Trollhattan. There are three emphatic couples of waterfalls of a notably impressive kind, for the stream is broad and deep before it gets convulsed, and the channels by which it is hurled to a lower level are only about a quarter of its width above Trollhattan. Just at the site of the falls, and, indeed, partly the occasion of them, are several rocky islets, some clothed with pines, and the others covered with industrial works, in the aid of which the water power is very precious. The total force of the falls is reckoned at the stupendous figure of two hundred and twenty-five thousand horse power. For the sake of commerce one may excuse this hedge of factories about the most picturesque scene in Sweden; but, confessedly, one cannot now admit that the glen is likely to have much attraction for the witches of old who cast the veil of romance over it—at least unless they are very modern witches, who do not mind being intruded on at every

moment by broad-shouldered operatives with grease-polished knees and arms, and with seal-skin caps on their sturdy heads.

To get at the upper and most remarkable falls, therefore, one has to force the barricade of the factories. In summer, there is a thoroughfare for the purpose, with little automatic wickets which open in response to silver coins put into a slot. But on this moonlight night I found the conventional highway fast and padlocked, with deep snow on the track. The whirr of machinery resounded on all sides as if in a competition of noise with the tumultuous river. By judicious groping, however, I obtained ample satisfaction. I descended an iced ladder towards a little gallery inches thick in ice, and there, under a fringe of great icicles beaded with granules of spray frozen to the semblance of coral, I stayed long, level with the middle of the famous Toppö Fall, and so near it that the water now and again in its agitation throbbed icily upon me. As a spectacle it contented. It sent the imagination off at a tangent into a field of marvelling. It awoke fancies and aspirations tinted with sublimity kindred to that excited by the starlit empyrean. Where I stood I was in deep shadow, but the moon was upon the Toppö Fall, and also on the dark pines of the opposite bank of the river.

I tarried here feeling the pulse of the waterfall as it were—for my gallery seemed to sway with the shocks—for many minutes. Now and then I looked up to see the head of a timber millman peering over at me, or half-a-dozen such heads; but the good fellows did not interfere with my rhapsody. They may have spoken, if only in warning—for the situation was not an orthodox one—but how was I to hear them with this frantic bellow in my ears? I looked at the boiling, confused heap of white water at my feet, and at the furious precipice of the stream, and had I looked a little longer than I did I believe I should have yielded to its mesmeric influence and dived from my parapet with a shout, to join the troop of spirits and elves who doubtless hold revel beneath

the flood. I thought of the man who not so long ago went over this fall in a boat. He waved his hat on the brink, and that was the end of him. For genuine thrill and promptitude there can be no death to compare with such as this. Ere you have done exulting in the spirit of maniac pride which has possessed you, the thousands of tons of the waters are upon your head, and you have done with this life utterly.

It was odd to recur from this forty-two feet waterfall to the men above, methodically adapting a few rivulets stolen from it for the slicing of pine-trunks into sections. They went to and fro in the mingled light of moon and applied electricity—carrying logs on their shoulders, or pushing along the tram lines trollies laden with wooden cubes or chips. When I reappeared among them they paused to stare as if I had been one of Trollhattan's witches lured into activity by the beauty of the night. But the machinery went round and round without intermission. It, at any rate, was impassive. The river has called into motion a vigor of mechanical life worth all the trolls that the Scandinavian fancy ever generated.

From one machine yard I passed to another. It was nine o'clock at night, but Trollhattan works without regard for the coming and going of the sun. Why should it not? There is no end to the power poured into its factories. This power is money as surely as if the golden pieces ran down the gutters instead of ice-cold water. Therefore, the men come and go in relays, and there is no night among these whizzing wheels and hissing saws.

Still under the clear evening sky, I climbed towards the irregular, rocky heap in the middle of the glen, with a new red church on its summit and a gilded vane which caught the moonlight. There were baby falls here, there, and everywhere, showing that man and nature have at different times plucked at the stream and diverted threads of it. But after the great Toppö Fall they met with no recognition.

Then the spidery frame of a suspension bridge, high over the main river,

appeared to the right, connecting the two banks of the Gotha. Here again was a royal perch. The bridge is new. The kingly coronet which studs its balustrade, and the gilding of its ornamentation, were conspicuous in the pallid light. The view from it at this romantic hour was very fascinating. Above, the Toppö Falls, with their mate the Tjuf Falls, divided by an islet, were a strong, turbulent, white mark on the river; and higher still were the Gullö Falls. Below, the river widened, with the silvery reach of the Hell Falls, where the pine-clad banks again contracted as if to hug the perturbed stream into renewed quiescence; while some sixty feet under the bridge itself is the furious broad Stampström Fall. This is not really so impressive as the Toppö Fall, though it is difficult to measure impressions as if they were stripes of carpet. One's perch of observation is so admirable that something of the majesty of the more comprehensive view gets cast upon the Stampström Fall, and it benefits thereby in retrospect.

On the further side of the river the bridge—thus hung like a cobweb over it—is attached to the rocks, where the pines grow straight and dark. Here, under the moon, there was a memorable effect of snow, lunar light, and blackness. A workman, swinging along from the mills and homeward bound, could not much disturb the charm of the scene. Through the rifts of the trees the white rage of the river could be seen up stream and down; and over the way the tall Gothic church on its perch, with its vane looking like a disestablished planet:

But there was to be a set-off to all this perfect sweetness and light of Dame Nature's contriving. I came to a convenient break in the trees, where the outlook from the rock wall on the other side of the road was broader and more engaging. And here there was to be seen, staring full at the face of the disgusted moon, the advertisement of a Trollhattan clothier, done large in black letters so that they could be read from the very town itself. His materials, he declared thus for the edifica-

tion of Madame Moon, were the best and cheapest to be had in the place.

That is the worst feature in the Swedes. If they would but be confident in the abilities and gifts they have received straight from their Maker, they would be a delightful people, without much exception. They are born polite, good-hearted, honest, and sufficiently good-looking. But they have had it drummed into them by publicists and others that they are a second-rate, or even a third-rate nation. I dare say their schoolbooks err in the same way, differing totally in this respect from Anglo-Saxon schoolbooks, which teach Anglo-Saxon boys that their race is born to the pre-eminence it tells them it has already obtained. The consequence is that they mistrust themselves and their own instincts. The Germans twirl a good many of them round their short thumbs, and excite emulation in others. There is also the French influence, though this is not reckoned nowadays so strong as it used to be. Chief of all is the well-nigh irresistible contagion of American men and manners. It is perfectly nauseating to hear the returned American-Swede flout his English in the face of the British traveller. He "guesses" and "calculates" about five times as much as the genuine Yankee, and the American 'cuteness looks out of his eyes in a very ugly manner. He is generally to be found as a hotel-porter. Occasionally, however, one meets him travelling *en prince*, with his hands in his pockets, and his legs anywhere but where they ought to be.

This particular advertisement at Trollhattan is of course due to the American epidemic. There's not a doubt some one has told in the town about the remarkable poster embellishments of Niagara; and so Trollhattan in its turn has had to submit to defilement.

When I had read about the clothier's unrivalled goods, I turned and recrossed the bridge, toiled up the slippery snow thoroughfare of Trollhattan — with its shops full of German rubbish — upon which mild lamps, even at this late hour, cast a lenient lustre, and de-

manded supper in my hotel. The grey-eyed girl — dear, unspoilt damsel — showed as much gratified animation as if I had been her long-lost brother come back in tolerable health but with perfectly empty pockets. She did her best for me, and stood by with modest smiles while I ate the meal. And afterwards the automatically respectful little page-boy, or whatever he was, bowed me into my chamber, put his hand into the stove to ascertain that it was still warm, and wished me a courtly good-night.

At no very early hour the next day I renewed my acquaintance with the falls. It was nine o'clock ere I turned out into the freezing air, and lo! the sun and the moon were both in the horizon as they had been some sixteen hours ago. This time, however, they had changed quarters. The arena of sky between them was cloudless, and the atmosphere was clear as a mountain brook.

I strolled down by the river, which was now in a state of tolerable liveliness. Spacious reaches of it were frozen two or three hundred yards above the first of the falls. But this did not hinder the Trollhattan people from using it in divers ways. Their little ships were fast bound in it — caught on their journey between the North Sea and the great lake a few miles to the north-east, or perhaps even Stockholm itself. They, however, were to be seen sawing at the ice, and cutting long strips of it as if it had been bride-cake sugar. By twos at a time, other men carried these portly blocks to the shore, where they were straightway warehoused in the red buildings convenient for the purpose. In some of these buildings they were crushing it, and piling it about their beer barrels. But it will probably lie a while in the other depositories until the spring gives it a chance of being shipped to England.

Elsewhere were prettier scenes. Under the blue sky, momentarily deepening to the Italian intensity it acquired by noon, little groups of washerwomen and girls were seen kneeling about the

river ice, hard at work. A little tank space had been cut here and there, the four corners of the area being indicated by four blocks of ice large as tombstones, and as many little Christmas trees, which are in Scandinavia largely sacrificed in winter for this kind of service. The ladies bent over the dark well, and thus performed their useful labors. One could with difficulty dispossess the mind of the idea that they were incurring a frightful risk in thus crowding together where the ice was already fractured. But experience had doubtless taught them how far they may trust their native stream at such a time.

Add to these gratifying industrial incidents the spectacle of little girls and boys skating and sliding on the river, the very vivid green hue of the Gotha in the distance where it ran rapidly and unfrozen towards the first of its falls, the rocky, fir-clad banks with their blanket of snow, and the mild face of the departing moon apparently caught by one of the twigs of the dark-tinted trees — this all in the broadest and most jocund mood of wintry daylight; and you may conceive that Trollhattan was a sight to cheer the heart.

I revisited all the falls and again admired the majesty of their volume. This, however, as may be supposed, is in winter much less than in summer or the end of spring, when the snows have melted. Besides, a vast deal of the water hung stiff and still in fantastic curtains. The icicles under the sunlight took their proper tints. Some were pearl-white, and some were a turquoise-blue, while yet others were a delicate salmon and primrose hue, or even the color of mahogany. There is no need to dispel the illusion of all this beauty by analyzing the source of its variegation. The battalions of icicles were not a whit less fair to see when one perceived that they owed much of their motley gear to the various oozes from the works which they adorned. It is well with variegated icicles — as

with jujubes — to be to their origin "a little blind," if one is to thoroughly enjoy them.

It would be an unpardonable slight to Trollhattan if no mention were made of the huge Gotha locks as well as its waterfalls. These suffer more from the winter than do the waterfalls. They are then in absolute disuse. In summer one may see big ships lifted gradually up the glen until the hundred-foot ascent of Trollhattan is safely made. All day and all night the work goes on, and one may then genuinely doubt whether nature's show or man's is the more alluring. But in winter the sluices are frozen. Some of the channels are so nearly void of water that one may see their smooth, well-laid bottoms of granite cubes, slightly concave. The locks are shut, or half shut, it does not matter which; they are as Jack Frost has taken them. And the small boys of the district skate up and down between them, some with baskets of things which their careful mothers have bid them buy in Trollhattan.

Akervass, the village of these sluices, is about two miles from Trollhattan, and nestles at the lower end of the waterfall glen round a wide pool of the Gotha. The river here looks calm and innocent enough, and in its waters you may see the blue sky, the pine-trees and their banks, and the white villas among the pines, all mirrored tranquilly.

For a health-restoring sojourn Akervass would be better than Trollhattan. The excitement of the upper glen is lacking; but it is within half an hour's walk among granite rocks mossed with lichens, heather, and wild flowers, and with nothing but the graceful, dark arms of the pines intervening between you and the blue heavens. This is its summer presentment. I suppose every inhabitant of the glen would declare that the Gotha valley is only beautiful in the warm months. But I doubt if it could fascinate more than upon a cloudless winter's day, with twenty degrees of frost in the air.

